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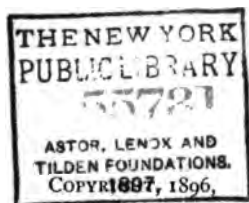
مجلس

LAYS
OF A
WANDERING MINSTREL.

By
Anne Virginia Culbertson.



PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
MDCCCXCVI.



BY
ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON.

PROLOGUE:

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.*

GOOD friends, you will remember how, we're told,
In other days the troubadours of old
Made tuneful songs and sang them, too, with skill,
How even mighty princes deigned to fill
The office of the singer with much art.
E'en doughty Richard of the Lion Heart,
Betwixt his deeds of daring, dropped the sword,
And, taking pen, wrote now and then a word
That has descended to this later day,
Along with here and there a roundelay
From prince and lord who, 'twixt their grim crusades,
Made polished verse in honor of the maids
For whom they tilted with uplifted lance
In all the lists of mediæval France.
But there were humbler singers in those times,
Who wandered forth equipped with ruder rhymes,
And sang them both in way-side and in hall,
'Neath cottage roof or stately tower tall.
Such one was welcome whereso'er he went,
And to his tales the eager people lent
A willing ear, and thought it only meet
That he should occupy a snug, warm seat

* Since many of the poems in this collection have been used by the author in her public readings in various cities, she has thought it not inappropriate to publish them under the title, "Lays of a Wandering Minstrel."

4 *PROLOGUE : THE WANDERING MINSTREL.*

Beside the hearth, and eat and drink the best,
For one brief night, at least, an honored guest.

Ah me ! how great the change 'twixt now and then !
The lords of song now sit at home with pen
In hand and speed their ditties forth,
On tides of ink, throughout all parts of earth.
But even they sing only for the few :
The world, these days, has far too much to do
To hark o'er-long to any poet's lay,
And for the humbler singers—well-a-day !
They have not e'en the shadow of a chance,
Unless, like those poor bards of ancient France,
They take their cherished rhymes and wander wide,
From busy mart to quiet countryside,
Singing their songs in modest strain and low,
Scarce honored like those bards of long ago.
And such a wandering minstrel, friends, am I.
To share your roof and board I do not try,
But at the glowing fire of the heart
I fain would sit and warm, ere I depart !
Now if I strike some chord that rings not true,
O'erlook it, since but brief my stay with you ;
And if I should wax wearisome, I pray
You'll bear with me, I've wandered far to-day.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SONGS I SHALL NOT SING.

THE world is full of wondrous melody,

Ah, yes !

The diapason deep of troubled sea,

No less

The treble of the tuneful thrush's song,

And all the throbbing harmonies that throng

Between :

And yet, alas, I am not satisfied,

My ever-restless, craving soul is tried ;

I lean

And listen, sad, while faintest echoes ring

Of songs I shall not sing.

I hear them when my spirit with the beams

Of morn

Hastens from that dim languorous land where dreams

Are born ;

And when, enwrapped in twilight's misty veil,

My weary senses slowly fade and fail,

Oh, then

They thrill my being with their harmony,

So full, so deep, so rich, so wild, so free !

But when

I fain would grasp them, only echoes ring

Of songs I shall not sing.

There is a cadence through the wind-swept trees,
 So sweet
In vain its melody I strive to seize,
 Repeat ;
And in the tempest is a song so grand
My feeble throat doth not the notes command
 Whereby
I may interpret to the world again ;
Deep in the halls of thought they sound, yet when
 I try
To give them forth, but shadowy echoes ring
 Of songs I shall not sing.

There is a tender accent in the voice
 Of Love,
Making the lover's heart all else rejoice
 Above,
But when its sweetness I essay to match
There is a timbre that I may not catch ;
 And so
When Sorrow's minor I would fain translate
There is a sadness that I fail to mate ;
 I know
Howe'er I strive but echoes faint will ring
 Of songs I shall not sing.

And shall my voice ne'er compass all I hear
 And feel ?
Must I, then, dumb, insensate still appear ?
 Reveal
No tithe of all that throbs and thrills amain ?
And must I know the sweet yet bitter pain

To mark
While lips more facile than mine own have been
Pour forth what mine perversely have pent in,
And hark
While satisfying, sweet, and full they ring,
The songs I shall not sing?

Or shall I find, one day, some radiant sphere
Afar,
Where soul to soul shall make its meaning clear,
Nor mar
With one false note the beauty of the song
That ebbs and flows the shores of Sound along?
Yes, there,
With those who raise the loftiest strains on high
To lift my voice, sure, one day I, even I
May dare,
And hear at last those songs all perfect ring
That here I shall not sing!

THE IROQUOIS LEGEND OF INDIAN CORN.

A STORY of the old time. Earth was young,
Sun, moon, and stars were newly hung in place ;
Then Indians first were made, and one there was
Who lived alone, far, far from all his race.

He knew not fire, nor of the arrow's use,
Nor from its home the lurking fish to lure ;
Bark, roots, and nuts were all the food he knew,
Nor sought he any other to procure.

At length he lonely grew, and longed for men,
Of digging roots grew tired, nor could he eat,
Dozing and dreaming in the sun he lay,
And when he woke, lo ! standing at his feet

Something there was so beautiful, so strange,
Fear o'er him fell, but when the being spoke,
A lovely woman then he knew it was,
And joy within his lonely heart awoke.

No Indian was she ; tall and fair she stood,
With long, pale locks that glistened like the day.
“Come thou to me !” he prayed of her in vain,
When he drew near the woman fled away.

Then sang he of his longing unto her,
And it was as the voice of birds in spring,

Who woo their mates to them with soft, low cries,
And these the words he unto her did sing :

“ O woman ! I was sick and lonely,
I was sad !
No voice I heard save night-winds only.
Come thou and make me glad !

“ O woman ! I was sick and lonely,
I was sad !
I longed, for what, I knew not, only
That it would make me glad !

“ O woman ! I was sick and lonely,
I was sad !
But now I know my heart cried only
For thee to make it glad !

“ O woman ! leave me not thus lonely,
Sick and sad !
Henceforth with thee, and with thee only,
Can I be whole or glad !”

So sang he softly, and at last her heart
Was melted by the sorrow of his song.
“ Do thou as I shall say to thee,” she cried,
“ And evermore shall I to thee belong !”

“ Speak thou, and I will do !” She led him forth
To where the summer sun had scorched the grass
Until it lifeless lay along the earth,
And there she deftly taught him how to pass

16 *THE IROQUOIS LEGEND OF INDIAN CORN.*

Two faggots one across the other swift,
Until forth sped a spark of fire and blew
The dry grass in a flame which serpent-wise
The sun-dried meadow quickly darted through.

“Now when the sun is set, do thou me drag
Across the blackened ground by my long hair.”
“Nay, all my heart is turned to thee,” he cried,
“From this rude task I pray thou wilt me spare!”

“Nay, fear not thou, for where thou draggest me,
Green things shall spring that seem at first like
grass,
And these shall grow until from 'neath the leaves
My head shall rise and look to see thee pass:

“And when my hair waves softly in the wind,
Know thou that I am ready for thee; when
Green blades are whispering in the breeze, 'tis I,
Who summon thee to take me to thee then.”

And since that olden time, when Indians see
The yellow hair upon the corn-stalk wave,
They know that she has come to them once more,
Nor has forgot the promise that she gave.

SECURE.

O SOUL of mine,
That wafted me, unasked, unto this place,
Across I know not what of time and space,
On noiseless wing,
Stand still for questioning !
Passive I walked with thee until to-day,
But now would fain our steps a bit delay
For reckoning.
Why didst thou hither bring
Me, O my Soul, and whither do we go ?
Thou wilt not answer? Nay, then, be it so.
Move on, my Soul,
Whatever be thy goal !
I cannot shake thee off, nor canst thou me,
Bonded art thou and I eternally.
Nor will I task
Thee more, O Soul, nor ask
Whither our footsteps tend. Serene, I place
My hand in thine and forward turn my face,
For this I know,
Naught doth from evil flow,
Then sure am I that thou through æons vast
Wilt bring me to the All-Good Source at last.

GYDA OF VALLDRES.

KING ERIC'S daughter grew tall and fair
Under a bonder's fostering care ;
Never a maid who might compare
With Gyda of Valldres.

Soon there flew through the listening air,
To Harald the king with the gold-bright hair,
Flocks of rumors that told how fair
Was Gyda of Valldres.

Then Harald the fair-haired straightway sent,
Swift as the shaft when the bow is bent,
Message with wording of this intent,
To Gyda of Valldres.

"Since men have told me how fair thou'rt grown,
Fain, fain would I claim thee for my own.
Wilt thou not share my heart and throne,
O Gyda of Valldres?"

Then proudly backward she threw her head,
While firm was her voice and free from dread,
Fiercely her eyes flashed as she said,—
Brave Gyda of Valldres,—

“Go back whence you came, my men, and say
To this petty king, I answer, Nay !
Maidens there are whom please it may,
Not Gyda of Valldres !

“Nay, further, never will I wed
A king whose power doth not spread
Throughout his land !” so scornful said
Young Gyda of Valldres.

“’Tis strange that in Norway doth not reign
One able to conquer a whole domain,
Like Eric the Swede or Gorm the Dane,”
Quoth Gyda of Valldres.

“Tell him when over fair Norroway land,
Sole king of all, he shall hold command,
Then he may sue for the maiden hand
Of Gyda of Valldres !”

Back to the king the messengers went.
“The maiden’s pride, O king, should be bent,
By force to take her ’twere well thou sent
For Gyda of Valldres.”

“Not so,” said Harald, “she speaks not ill.
I owe her thanks, for she doth instil
A thought I rest not till I fulfil,—
This Gyda of Valldres.

"And here on this Brage-cup I swear
Never to comb or to cut my hair
Till Norway be mine, then I may dare
Woo Gyda of Valldres."

Forth went the king through Norroway land,
Many a battle on sea and strand
He gained with his sturdy warrior band
For Gyda of Valldres.

To Gyda of Valldres, sitting at home,
Rumors of victory swiftly come.
"For hope of me doth he fight and roam,"
Thinks Gyda of Valldres.

A smile melts over proud Gyda's face
Where dawning love writes a soft, faint trace,
"A wooing worthy his kingly race!"
Cries Gyda of Valldres.

After the battle of Hafr's Fjord,
Of Norway the undisputed lord,
King Harald toasted at festal board
"Fair Gyda of Valldres!"

"The shears now bring me," he cried at last,
"Mine oath I have kept both true and fast,
But the time of waiting is over and past,
O Gyda of Valldres!"

“Earl Ragnvald, sever thou close this hair
Which I on the Brage-bowl did swear,
Till I might claim her, untouched to wear,—
Claim Gyda of Valldres.”

Then Ragnvald of Möre straightway shed
The locks of Harald the Frowsy-head ;
“A golden offering,” Harald said,
“To Gyda of Valldres.”

Marvel they all at those locks so bright,
“Fair Haired” thereafter is Harald hight,
Hastes he onward to keep his plight
With Gyda of Valldres.

Long they gaze down the deeps of the eyes,
Each reading there with a sweet surprise
A new-born feeling which rose-red dyes
Shy Gyda of Valldres.

“A king indeed to mine eyes is shown !
One monarch alone fills Norway’s throne !
And Norway’s king is my king, I own,”
Breathes Gyda of Valldres.

A RELEASE.

YES, you swore to love me ever,
I recall,
But I knew that man is never
Long held thrall.

All your sighs, your pleas, you meant them,
Ah ! I know,
And you dreamed the love that lent them
Could not go.

Dearest, think not I would blame you,
As for wrong !
Mine the fault I could not claim you
Over-long.

I have lacked somehow in sweetness,—
Or in art,—
Shown too fully love's completeness
In my heart.

I foresaw this day, yet knowing,
Gave I all,
Gladly all myself bestowing
At your call.

Heart and soul and mind, I deemed them
 All as naught,
So, e'en briefly, you esteemed them
 What you sought.

Think not I would chain you to me.
 Love compelled,
In the end would but undo me,
 Best withheld.

I have never grieved you, knowing,
 In the past,
And you shall not see tears flowing
 At the last !

Since you do not love me longer,
 Then, good-by !
Men, they say, than we are stronger,
 'Tis a lie !

Is my voice not still unshaking
 As I cry,
E'en a note of laughter taking,
 Dear, good-by !

THE HOLDING OF PEPPERELL BRIDGE.

[A true incident of the Revolutionary War. Pepperell Bridge stretches over the Nashua River, between the towns of Hollis, New Hampshire, and Pepperell, Massachusetts. On the bridge is a monument commemorative of Prudence Cummings Wright.]

GALLANT deeds of gallant men
Merit praise from tongue and pen.
But when woman ventures forth
From the quiet of the hearth,
And achieves some daring deed,
Should she not have double meed?
Listen then to what befell
On the bridge of Pepperell.

Once Horatius, we know,
Held a bridge against the foe;
And the gallant deed was sung
By a bard of silver tongue,
In the lays of ancient Rome.
Sing / something nearer home;
Of a woman's deed I tell,
On the bridge of Pepperell.

This is how the story goes:
When the British were our foes,
Word to Hollis town was brought,
That one Captain Whiting sought

Secret messages to bring
To the army of the king :
He must pass, 'twas known full well,
O'er the bridge of Pepperell.

Consternation followed, for
All the men had gone to war,
And the Hollis women knew
It would never, never do,
That such messages should go
Through their village to the foe.
These, they swore, whate'er befell,
Should not pass o'er Pepperell.

So they rose up in their might,
Chose as captain Prudence Wright,
Donned the garb of absent men,
Armed as best they could, and then
Sallied forth to do or die
When the tory should pass by.
Halting where they knew right well
He must pass o'er Pepperell.

Then said pretty Captain Prue,
"Lasses, I depend on you !
Since ye now as men are drest,
Act the part and do your best !
Out on any puling maid
Dares betray she is afraid !
Death alone shall stay or quell !
Lasses, on to Pepperell !"

Mistress Prudence Cummings Wright,
 All equipped and armed for fight,
 Would I could have gazed on you,
 Pretty amazonian Prue !
 I can fancy how you shook
 As the old flint-lock you took,
 Yet your voice nor shook nor fell
 As it rang o'er Pepperell.

"Halt !" it cried, and, "Who goes there ?
 Come no nearer or I fire !"
 "Not one further step I ride !"
 One who rode with Whiting cried,
 "'Tis my sister Prue ! alas,
 She would never let us pass
 Save when her dead body fell !
 I turn back from Pepperell !"

'Twas her tory brother who
 Turned his back on Mistress Prue,
 Riding fast and far away ;
 And the feeling from that day
 Ran so high his traitor face
 Looked no more upon the place ;
 Richard Cummings, so they tell,
 Never more crossed Pepperell.

Then the pretty warrior crew,
 Headed by fair Mistress Prue,
 Seized on Captain Whiting fast,
 Searched him well, and found at last

What they sought for in his boots,—
Pretty well for raw recruits !
Then said Prue, “ Now go and tell
Women guarded Pepperell !”

Though they bravely held the bridge,
'Tis the poet's privilege
To be certain at the last,
When all cause for fear was past,
Some sat down and wept, and some
Shook so they could scarce gain home,
Nor could their emotions quell
After guarding Pepperell.

That is lovely woman's way
Even in our later day ;
Ready she to do or die—
If she can but have a cry
When the thing is past and done
And the battle fairly won.
So I'm certain some tears fell
At the bridge of Pepperell.

Gallant deeds of gallant men
Merit praise from tongue and pen,
But when women venture forth
From the quiet of the hearth,
And achieve some daring deed,
Should they not have double meed ?
Then let bravos rise and swell
For the guards of Pepperell.

BROTHERS TWAIN.

I WALKED with Love.

Our feet were set upon a dewy emerald mead ;

Oh, pleasant was the way

And fair the day !

To him I said, " Ah, Love, this, this is life indeed !"

A voice breathed low,

" O woman, thou hast said whereof thou knowest not.

Turn, turn thy face to me

And thou shalt see

One who hath larger part than he in thy life's lot."

" Who, then, art thou ?"

I said, and coldly kept my face from him away.

" Love's brother, I," he said,

" And ever tread

Near him, though thou hast known it not until to-day."

" Thy name !" I cried.

" Men call me Sorrow : though I love, they love not
me.

Place thou in mine thy hand

And firmer stand,

Thou wilt grow weak if Love alone doth walk with
thee.

“Though he should fail,
I will walk with thee faithful to the very end.
 Turn, turn thy face to me
 And thou shalt see
No foe am I, as thou dost deem ; instead, thy friend.”

 I turned at last.
No glory, as in Love's dear smiling face, I saw ;
 A steadfast gaze and sweet
 Mine own did meet,
Nor was I fain my hand from his close clasp to draw.

 'Tis long since then.
With careless clasp and lax, Love lightly holds my hand ;
 But Sorrow holds me fast,
 And we have passed,
Together leaning, through a tender, twilight land.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

DEAR one, how wrapt you are and still !
I wonder do your thoughts incline
In the same way to-night as mine,
 Our hearts to one chord thrill ?
Do you recall what night is this ?
When it is past we shall have flown
From this old house where we have known
 Such mingled pain and bliss.

Come, dear, together let us roam,
Hand clasped in hand, the old house through,
And bid this humble spot adieu
 That was our young love's home.
Ah ! here it was you lifted me
Across the threshold, as a bride,
In your strong arms, with manly pride,
 And bade me welcome be.

How proud you were of this small nest
Your brave young hands had toiled to make !
For me, how pleased I was to take
 Upon me all the rest,—
Those makeshifts of adornment which
We've laughed at since, but now, in sooth,
Dear those reminders of our youth
 As splendors of the rich.

Sacred to friendship's faithful rites,
What happy memories cluster here,
About this hearthstone, of good cheer,
 Of pleasant winter nights!
Here, in this keeping-room, arise
The shapes of many come and gone,
And some we shall not look upon
 Again with mortal eyes.

And this room was our very own,
Our refuge from the world without,
'Twas here we brought each care and doubt,
 And lo! the ill was flown.
Here woke the mother's tender thrill;
Long after, here I vainly pressed
Our eldest-born against my breast
 To warm his deadly chill.

And this long room with windows wide
Was where the children had their plays;
I thought them boisterous those days,
 But since, my heart has cried
For merry shapes that come no more;
Forth on life's journey they are gone,
Only their little wraiths stay on,
 Shut in behind this door.

This room our mother sanctified.
No ill for which she had not balm
In her wise words and presence calm,
 Her sympathies world-wide.

Ah, that last smile ! amid the flowers
Her face transfigured seemed to loom !
We shall not need a " mother's room"
In that new house of ours !

Dear love, I cannot leave this spot !
Such blessed memories linger here,
More priceless growing with each year,
You feel it, do you not ?
Strange feet will walk where now ours tread,
Strange hands will alter and deface
And with strange chattels fill the place,
And oust our sacred dead !

I never thought to go until
Strong hands should bear me, just once more,
But ah ! not yours, as once before,
Across the narrow sill.
These foolish tears ! nay, do not scold !—
I shall be happy as I've been
If but your love endure within
The new house as the old !

THE POET'S TALISMAN.

WHAT is the poet's talisman,
That bears him safe through scorn and slight and tears,
Content to walk with empty hand, and name
Unknown, while he shall live, to fame?
This the sweet dream that turns to hope his fears,—
“The thought that is born in a moment
May live for a thousand years!
Ah! if by me were wrought,
Perchance, some deathless thought,
Oh, that were worth all scorn, all slight, all tears!”

THE CRITIC.

KNIGHT-ERRANT he, who, with his skilled right hand
Grasping that potent lance, his trusty pen,
Rises and slays the dragon Dull-Content,
Whose poison breath creeps subtly over men,
Stealing their strength and steeping them in sloth,
Which they to leave are oftentimes so loath,
They turn to rend this knight who bids them fare
To safer heights and purer, keener air.

EXAMPLE.

(From the Apocryphal Gospel of St. Bartholomew.)

**IF thy neighbor fall in sin,
Half the guilt is thine, no less.
Hadst thou shown of holiness
All the beauty dwells therein,
Then his fault had never been.**

LES DEUX AMANTS. (THE TWO LOVERS.)

ONCE lived a king in Normandie,
Who had a daughter fair to see,
 The apple of his eye ;
And lest some suitor should arrive
Of her young heart him to deprive,
 This test he did apply :

That none might wed the lady fair
Unless her sweet form he could bear
 Up yonder mountain height,
Without a pause for rest or breath ;
Wherein did fail, the tale so saith,
 Full many a luckless wight.

A certain baron had a son,
A youth right good to look upon,
 And brave as he was fair,
Who long had loved the lady bright,
But hid his love from all men's sight,
 To tell it did not dare.

The princess loved the youth right well,
And once upon a day it fell
 Their love they did confess.
And long in secret they did love,
Nor hoped the king's proud heart to move,
 That he their lives might bless.

At last the youth despairing cried,
"Come, sweetest lady, with me ride
 To some far distant land,
Where we may wed, nor fear the ire
Of thy proud, jealous-hearted sire,
 And aye walk hand in hand."

"Nay, dearest youth," she cried, "I love
Thee, as thou know'st, all else above,
 But thus it may not be,
For my fond father's heart would break
Did I his roof-tree thus forsake
 To follow after thee.

"But go thou to mine aunt who lives
At far Salerno, and who gives
 Her days to studies deep :
All herbs, all simples knoweth she,
And learned is in chemistry,
 All potions she can steep.

"Go thou to her, and she will brew
Such cordials as shall strength renew
 Beyond thy wildest dream,
And with thee send some philter back
To stay thee on thine upward track,
 If thou to fail shouldst seem :

"For when thou art returned again,
Thou shalt attempt, as other men,
 To bear me up yon height.

But ah ! thou wilt not fail, I wot,
For, seest thou ? I loved them not !
Love, love shall make me light."

" Ah me ! " the youth in rapture cried,
" How shall I tear me from thy side,
When thou dost speak thus sweet ?
I seem to live but near thy voice !
My brimming heart would e'en rejoice
To die here at thy feet !

" But thou hast laid command on me,
My lady liege, and it shall be
As thou hast even said ;
And know, if thou henceforth my face
Shouldst never see in any place,
I love thee, living, dead ! "

So as the princess bade did he,
And sped to far off Italy,
And at Salerno stayed
Until the learned lady's skill
His frame with wondrous strength did fill,
As if anew 'twere made.

And ere he wended back to France,
She said, " Young sir, if it should chance
Thy strength should fail thee when
Most need thou hast of it, this drink,
And, though thou ready art to sink,
Thou shalt revive again. "

The lovers met not till the hour
That was to test the young knight's power :
 The king and all his men
Were gathered on a vast plain where
The mountain lifts its head in air,
 Near to the banks of Seine.

The princess waited trembling there,
Her little feet and white arms bare,
 Her gleaming hair unbound,
In one small, soft, white garment clad,
All else that might to her weight add
 Was cast upon the ground.

They marvelled she should seem so frail ;
They knew not, lest her knight should fail,
 That she had fasted much,—
That she might lighter grow to be,
While he was in far Italy
 Scarce food or drink did touch.

Trembling the knight drew near and laid
His arms about her, half afraid
 To compass so much bliss,
For never had he dared do more
Than on her hand to lay, before,
 A soft and tender kiss.

He felt a joy so deep, so great,
He staggered 'neath her slender weight,
 Whereat she whispered low,—

Her soft arms winding closer still,—
“Dear love, I shall but work thee ill,
Cease thou, and let me go.”

“Nay, nay, ’twas joy that made me reel,
Thine arms about me thus to feel!
I fear not yonder height.
Henceforth no more shall we two part,
Rest thou in peace upon my heart,
Love maketh burdens light.”

When half the way had been o’erpast,
She felt him falter. “Quick! thou hast
The philter with thee, drink!”
“Nay, nay, the watchers there below
Would see me pause to drink, and so
That I did fail would think.

“I ne’er have felt so strong as now,
Love lends me aid, and do but thou
Hark how my heart throbs fast!
’Tis love for thee! no fear have I
But I shall reach yon summit high
And claim thee mine at last!”

So saying, faster still he strode
The summit reached, and with his load
Sank prone upon the grass.
“Dear youth, how weary thou must be!”
She cried, “Look up and speak to me!”
No word his lips did pass.



She listened for his heart's quick beat.
No sound ! " 'Tis I who call thee, sweet,
Dost thou not hear my voice ?"
But even as she spoke she knew
No more those eyes of azure hue
Would at her smile rejoice.

Then frenzy seized upon her soul,
To think that he upon the goal
Of all his hopes should die.
She staggered to her feet and drew
The phial from his hand and threw
On it her wild, set eye.

" Life ! Life !" she muttered, " thou wert here,
Within his very grasp ! so near,
Yet Death hath beaten thee !
O philter, hateful art thou grown !
Since thou hast failed to save my own,
Thou dost but mock at me !"

She dashed the philter to the ground,
And pouring all her soul in sound,
One last despairing cry,
She threw herself upon his breast,
And when the courtiers came in quest,
Thus, lifeless, they did lie.

And so the youth fulfilled the test,
And bore his lady without rest
Or pause to gather breath,

Unto the mountain's distant height ;
As he had sworn, so did the knight,
And claimed her his—in death.

A fair white tomb the king did build
Upon the spot ; and where was spilled
The philter o'er the grass,
Grew herbs the peasants gather still
And deem a cure for every ill
Doth mortal frame harass.

If thou shouldst wend to Normandie,
Still mightest thou this mountain see,
The same as in that day :
“ Les Deux Amants ” is still its name,
Preserving aye the lovers' fame,
So saith an old, old lay.

ENNUI.

WHEN from the soul arises
A vague, dull cry
We may not wholly stifle,
Though we try,—
A cry for what has never been
Or is gone by,—
Then comes the restless craving to go forth
And wander far and wide across the earth,
To look upon strange faces,
View strange lands,
To see works wrought in days of old
By vanished hands,
To muse upon the buried past
By storied strands,
Deeming that change will ease the vague, dull pain,
Whose meaning to ourselves is scarcely plain.

Yet, with the very wish itself
There comes the thought,
“ Might not contentment even there
In vain be sought?
Within the borders of those lands
Could I find aught
I find not here? Would all not be the same,
Except that things might bear another name?
A glimpse of earth, a glimpse of sky,
And human faces,

Those cries of joy and woe the same
Throughout earth's places,
The truth that all things pass away
And leave no traces—
Could I find more?" And still we cry again
For something that shall ease this vague, dull pain.

QUAKERESS RUTH.

'Twas more than a hundred years ago
That a gallant, gay, young Huguenot
Who had served our cause with Lafayette,
Rode clattering down the quiet street
Of a little town of Maryland
That nestled demurely close at hand
To the good old city of Baltimore,
But quite beyond its din and roar.
Gay was his dress, his powdered hair
Was tied behind with a deal of care,
His red lips smiled, his dark eyes glowed
As through the village swift he rode ;
For why should he pause or linger there,
A cavalier so debonair ?
Yet mark what tricks dame Fate can play,
For she decreed that from that day
The quiet place should seem to him
The central spot upon earth's rim.

From her open window Quakeress Ruth,
Fair with the beauty of early youth,
Leaned forth to pluck the rose that grew
Until it near her casement drew,
And which was the fairer 'twere hard to say,
The rose or the maid that bright June day.
Her friend stood smiling by her there,
Two Quaker lasses in whose air

Sweet girlish gayety half hid
The folds of their prim garb amid ;
And the little lapse 'twixt mien and dress
Lent a subtle charm, I more than guess.
The friend of Ruth looked out below
And saw the gallant Mathiot.
“ Look, Ruth ! ” she cried, “ and thou shalt see
One fit to be a mate for thee !
Yea, he who down the street doth ride
Shall one day claim thee for his bride.”
Ruth looked, and laughed to think that she
Should wed so gay an one as he ;
She of the Quaker garb and speech,
And placid ways the good Friends teach ;
He of the court, the camp, the town ;
And so she laughed as she looked down,
A laugh that sealed two fates that day,
For as she laughs he looks her way,
And sees her standing fresh and fair,
Framed by the rose-wreathed casement there ;
Her white hand grasps a whiter rose,
Her bright eye smiles, her round cheek glows,
Her soft and dimpled little chin
Nestles the snowy kerchief in ;
And as she laughs, the mellow peal
Straight to the young man's heart doth steal.

One lingering look he gave the maid,
Then onward rode until he stayed
His steed the public-house beside,
And there the friendly landlord plied

With questions : " Who lives there, canst tell?
And who, I pray thee, is *la belle*,
The maid I saw as I passed by,
Standing her open window nigh?"
" Why, yonder lives good Friend Davies,
Who is our justice of the peace ;
And she of whom thou dost inquire
Is daughter to our worthy squire,
Fair Quakeress Ruth, who steals the hearts
Of half the gallants in these parts."

The bold young soldier asked no more,
But turned his steed and reached the door
Of Squire Davies in briefest space,
And there, with him brought face to face,
It took the youth scant time to tell
Of his swift passion for *la belle*,
To pray her father for the right
To woo and win her if he might.
The Quaker, dazed, and all unused
To such bold wooing, half amused,
Made answer, with a twinkling eye
Which gave his sober face the lie,
" Friend, thou shalt have my daughter Ruth
When thou art one of us in truth,
When thou shalt doff thy gay attire,
And don the sober dress we wear,
When thou shalt use our form of speech,
And thine the faith the Quakers teach."
So spake the squire, and doubted not
To chill the lover on the spot.

The youth said naught, and, bowing low,
Made haste to mount his steed and go.
That night there came a thundering knock,
And when they turned the ponderous lock,
'Therē stood, it seemed, 'a Quaker youth,
But doubt not the bright eyes of Ruth
Were quick to see and recognize
The cavalier 'neath his disguise.
We are not told how her young heart
Beat high, nor how she stood apart,
Her blushes mounting but to fade,
Half shyly pleased and half afraid,
But then we know *cela va sans dire*,
As might have said the cavalier.
Lifting his broad hat from his head,
Advancing, soberly, he said,
"Friend, I have done as thou didst say,
This garb adopt I from to-day,
And for thy language, be it known,
'Tis as the *tu toi* of mine own,
No need to change my form of speech,
And for thy faith, Friend Ruth shall teach
Me that, if I may, on my part,
Teach her to read and know my heart,
And one day in her heart instil
Reflex of what mine own doth fill."
What could be said to one who wooed
In such a warm, determined mood?
Of course he stayed, and won her too,
As such as he was sure to do,
For we are told, within a year
Ruth wed the whilom cavalier,

And he remained through all his days
Wed to the Quaker faith and ways.

Is there a moral to the tale?
Assuredly. One cannot fail
To read between the lines that she
Who laughs *may* win the future *he*,
For we shall never know the half
That has been done by woman's laugh.
'Tis far more potent than your tears,
Be very sure of that, my dears.

RENOUNCEMENT.

DEAREST, look deeper down mine eyes,
And tell me if within them lies
 One thought that is not thine.
And while I lean against thy heart,
Tell me thou know'st there is no part
 Beats not for thee, of mine.

And yet I bear to let thee go?
Ah! not my fault it should be so,
 Blame thou our cruel fate.
Thy duties beckon thee one way,
Mine will not let me near thee stay:
 We met, we loved too late.

Not love thee, since I let thee go?
A man's reproach,—it is not so,
 I prove my love in this:
I will not add one lightest share
To all thy weight of toil and care,
 Yet want with thee were bliss.

Fain on thy deep love would I rest,
Forever and supremely blest,
 But that I fear one day
With looks of scorn our eyes might meet,
Because we knew it weak, though sweet,
 To take our selfish way.

Ah ! death were better than the loss
Of all that frees our love from dross
 And makes it purest gold !
Never to see thy face again,
To me it were a lesser pain
 Than that it should grow cold !

So, dear, while I shall breathe and live,
Thine all the love I have to give,
 Should life end soon or late.
This first, last, lingering farewell kiss
Is all I e'er shall know of bliss,
 My love ! my life ! my fate !

THE POET'S PARADISE.

(Read before the "Shakespeare Club of New York City," April, 1893, on the occasion of the annual celebration of Shakespeare's birthday.)

AH ! is there not, beyond the world's wide rim,
Some golden, glorious Sunset Land wherein
Are gathered all great poets who have been
And are no more ? They who have left the earth
More wise, more kind, more joyous for their birth ?

Do they not walk in sweet communion there ?
Telling, in rhythmic accents soft and low,
How some great song was written long ago,
How all its laughter and its tears were wrung
Straight from his heart by whom the song was sung ?

Where he was faring when, on such a day,
A thought came to him—such a little thought,—
Which grew and grew until a song was wrought
Which rang, to his amaze, the whole world round,
So sweet, so true, so tender was its sound ?

There doth not Petrarch of his Laura speak ?
And Dante of fair Beatrice tell ?
And all, in turn, of some dear damosel
Whose name the trembling lips can scarce disclose ?
There vie they not in lavish praise of those

Who all their sweetest strains did once inspire ?
Who stirred their deepest thoughts, until the heart
Must break unless through eager lips apart
The praise might sound of those rare ones who were
At once their hopeless hope, their dear despair ?

Or, walk they not in sweeter silence there ?
Soul to soul speaking with no need of word,
The poet-heart to keenest prescience stirred
By that fine sympathy that readeth well
All, and yet more, than lips may ever tell ?

And hath not each a shining retinue
Of glorious shapes, the offspring of his brain ?
Without that ever-present, shadowy train
Adown the ages he would walk unknown,—
As real as he his progeny are grown.

And if, perchance, one gained admittance there,
On sufferance, as having sought with pain
And tears to tread the poet's path, in vain,
What joy to greet those bright shapes that have filled
Our quiet hours, and our keen sorrows stilled !

What bliss to wander through that glorious land,
Aglow with all the flowers of poesy,
Pulsing with strains of sweetest minstrelsy,
Until forth from the kindled soul should spring
The songs that here it strove in vain to sing !

Ah ! how my heart would throb and then stand still,
If I should chance to meet *him* face to face,
He who by right were lord of that fair place,

Surrounded by a vast and varied throng,
The sad and joyous creatures of his song !

Then to my knees I sure would straightway fall,
And, lifting up my streaming eyes to his,
Cry, " Master mine, oh, take it not amiss
That I have ventured into this domain,
Thy footprints did allure me o'er the plain !

" I knew that thou wert here and so I came.
I pray thou wilt not me as strange entreat !
Long have I humbly worshipped at thy feet,
And sought behind thy sphinx-like mask to scan
And know thee both as poet and as man.

" But, ah ! thy moods were many, as is meet
In one whom April claims her dearest child,
And never could I guess if thou wert mild
Or stern, or gay or grave, or all in turn,
Yet oft to read the secret I did yearn.

" No day of mine there was thou didst not bless,
Broaden and lighten, 'till through thee I knew
To understand the saint and sinner too.
To thee I turned, were life too gay, too sad,
And thou, by turns, couldst make me grieved or glad.

" I knew I had no thought thou hadst not thought,
I knew I had no mood thou hadst not shared,
I knew I had no fault thou hadst not bared,
And therefore claimed thee for my soul's close friend.
O master, from thy side do not me send !"



Then that great heart would sure respond to mine,
Saying, "Ah well, do thou arise, remain!
Dearer the poet holdeth this than gain
Or praise of men, this heartfelt love of thine,—
The best reward of labors such as mine.

"Stay, thou poor one who strove in vain to sing!
Much may be pardoned thee because 'twas love
Allured where thou shouldst ne'er have dared to rove.
Pardoned thou art through these thy tear-dimmed
eyes!
Enter, poor bard, the Poet's Paradise!"

Ah! surely somewhere lies this Sunset Land,
The glory of whose skies shall never fade,
Shedding their rose and amethystine shade
Forever on the brows of those who there
The dear-bought laurels of the poet wear!

And shall not we who hold the poets dear—
And dearest him whose birth we celebrate—
Gain entrance where those lords of song keep state?
Since paradise for us could never be
That held nor poet nor sweet minstrelsy!

THE RIVER OF THE DEAD:

THUS a Persian legend saith :
“ When thou mourn’st a loved one’s death,
All thy tears do downward go
To those darksome streams which flow
Through the Country of the Dead.

“ Here they swell the bitter tide
Which doth ever mournful glide,
Bearing to the dead ye love
All the tears ye shed above,
Weighting them with woes of thine.”

Oh, lest thou perchance mayst know,
I must, then, forget my woe !
All my days thy care has blest,
Well I know thou couldst not rest
If disturbed by tears of mine.

Let me think, if thou canst feel,
Through thy rest my joys do steal ;
If I smile when peace is deep,
That thou smilest too, in sleep,
Knowing it is well with me.

THE STEED OF CÁMBUSCAN.

I sit among my kindred, the fireside anear,
I know not what they say, I neither see nor hear;
Forth through night and distance my soul to thee has
fled,

While I sit here with clasped hands and drooping head.
Had I that magic steed by Cámbuscan bestrode,
He should unused stand all day long in my abode,
But when came silent night, one whisper in his ear,
One little name which I and he alone might hear,
And then away ! away ! o'er mountain and o'er lake,
O'er vale and hill and forest our way would we betake,
Until within thy dwelling my winged steed found rest,
And I found peace and joy once more, safe sheltered
on thy breast.

And ere the lark's sweet song uprose, back through the
fading night,

'Neath paling stars and waning moon my steed should
take his flight,

And bear me swiftly, silently once more to my abode
Where none might guess that I by night the magic steed
bestrode.

Then could I live through dull, blank days, and find
their cares but light,

For I should know when day was done to thee I might
take flight.

AN OLD-TIME LOVER.

'Tis a quaint little story of other days,
Of other manners and other ways,
When speech was formal and bows were low,
And the favorite dance was the minuet slow,—
When men were all chivalrous, dames all fair,
And fashion decreed that each head of hair
Should be used as a powder-magazine,—
When the furbelow's gorgeous satin sheen
Vied with the small-clothes' velvet bloom,—
When fans swept a sweet or a doleful doom
To the beaux who trifled, snuff-box in hand,
As they made their speeches fine and bland.
Ah! those were the days when Love awoke
At a moment's notice,—a few words spoke
In softest tones, or a sigh breathed deep
Were enough to waken him from sleep,—
Or even a glance from an eye o'er-bright,
For indeed his sleep was extremely light;
He slumbers in these degenerate days
So deep even Beauty's most brilliant rays
Oft fail to arouse him, and what is more,
He has even, they say, been heard to snore
Through a tender speech, and I've been told
But one thing stirs him, the chink of gold.

Oh, where are the lovers like young George Blow,
Who loved nigh a century ago!

Virginia's daughters were blithe and fair,
Virginia's sons they were debonair,
But none were blither, more fair than she,
And none were more debonair than he.
He was a youngster of scarce nineteen,
And the well-belovèd maid had seen
Some fourteen summers and winters brief,
When Cupid, the arrant little thief,
Stole both of the youthful hearts away,
But repented the deed the self-same day,
And returned his plunder,—alack ! alack !
He mistook the hearts as he brought them back,
And the maiden the young man's heart possessed
While hers was locked in his manly breast.
The exchange was made where the shadow falls
From William and Mary's hoary walls,
For Cupid haunts e'en the classic shades
As well as the rural glens and glades,
And indeed his praises have formed the theme
Of many a budding Academe.
He was a student and she a belle
When the love was born whereof I tell.
Who shall paint all the rapturous bliss
Of the youthful pair's first trembling kiss ?
'Tis a task beyond my powers, I own,—
Two fresh young hearts that have never known
The quickening thrill of love before,
And feel it now to the being's core ;
Two fancies veiling all ugly truth
With the sweet illusions of hope and youth,—
Ah, no ! 'tis a theme of Arcadie,
Unmeet for a worldling like to me.

Now the rumor flew fast to the young man's home,
And his father at once made haste to come
And learn its truth and berate his son,
And forbid his marriage till twenty-one.
"Forthwith to the country you shall go!"
Quoth the irate father, good Richard Blow;
"In silence and solitude, far from hence,
You'll recover, I fancy, your common sense;
You shall chase the deer and follow the hounds,
And, I venture, forget the lady. Zounds!
You're in desperate haste, sir, to try your wings,
Before you are well out of leading-strings!"
Young George said nothing, and, bowing low,
Like a dutiful son he turned to go;
But love and pain were too strong for him,
And he paused on the threshold, with young eyes dim,
To answer, "I hear, sir, and I obey:
I go, but not to forget! The day
My term of waiting expires, I wed
My fair young sweetheart, as I have said;
Yes, sure as the shining of yonder sun,
I shall marry as soon as I'm twenty-one!"
The father smiled sagely, he thought he knew
In matters like this just a thing or two,
And the son departed with lengthened face,
Exiled to his father's country-place,
But not before, we may be quite sure,
He had bidden the lady fair endure
All things for him, and to patient wait
And help him conquer their adverse fate,
For her friends, in truth, like his own, were loath
That these callow fledglings should plight there troth.

'Twas a quiet spot 'mid the pine woods vast
Where his lonely lot was henceforth cast ;
He followed the hounds and he chased the deer,
But the time of waiting seemed long and drear,
And every day when the sun was nigh
To his time of setting, young George would cry,
As he doffed his hat, bowing long and low,
“ O Sun ! wherefore is thy course so slow ?
And yet I thank thee to-night, O Sun !
I am one day nearer to twenty-one ! ”
'Tis a pretty picture, now, is it not ?
The crimsoning sky, the quiet spot,
The fond young lover when day was gone
Resting his every thought upon
His absent love, while he turned his face
To the glowing west, and with courtly grace
Gave thanks to the slowly sinking sun
That another long, long day was done.

Of course it conquered, such constancy,
And of course he wedded the faithful she
As soon as he entered on man's estate,
For none could persuade him to longer wait.
And I love to fancy just how one day
They drove from her father's house away,
Towards set of sun, in a coach and four,
And how he presently opened the door,
With naught but the woods and the fields in sight,
And tenderly bidding the bride alight,
And taking her hand and bowing him low,
He cried, “ O Sun ! henceforth move slow !

For the days will be ever too short for me
At the side of this lady who smiles on thee !
For at last, at last I am twenty-one,
And together, *together* we thank thee, Sun !''

O where are the lovers like young George Blow,
Who loved nigh a century ago !
Perhaps they're too wise now to love in haste,
Or to show it plainly is deemed bad taste.
But I feel quite certain that it would out
If they loved like the lover I tell about.
Well, peradventure, a century hence
Some bard will arise in *their* defence.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

STILL in the west flares up a feeble flame
From out the fiery ashes of the day,

A few faint stars begin to blink and peep,
But, drowsy still from their deep day-time sleep,
Nature's night-watch would fain a bit delay.

The Titan who from 'neath the earth's far rim
With mighty hands upheaves the fair, round moon,
Slumbers and gathers strength to send on high
His argent plaything o'er the darkening sky,
And, slumbering, murmurs, "It is yet too soon."

The city's sounds seem dim and far away
As sounds that sift through hearing into dreams ;
A sweet wind murmurs softly in my ear,
Mysterious, strange, and sad the things I hear,
With sorrows of a world the whisper teems.

Each blade and herb is shedding thankful tears
After the fiery trial of the day,
And each is sending upward through the air
A faint, sweet incense, and, as if in prayer,
Each head is drooping o'er the moistened clay.

The little birds are silent in the eaves
Save for the chirp of some belated one,
The cricket's song is faint and distant still,
And through the orchard-grass upon the hill
The fire-flies' lamps to blaze have just begun.

A soft, gray haze enwraps me round and round,
And shuts me in a world apart, where none
 Save those dark bats which whirl and wheel amain,
 And those dark thoughts which flit within my brain,
Alone can reach me when the day is done.

HEROINES UNSUNG.

Ah! how it thrills us to the very core
To hear how one, in some great, sudden need,
Hath yielded up her life, nor grudged the deed.
“How fine! how noble!” envious, half, we cry,
And deem in such a cause ’twere blest to die.

Yet, modest, down the quiet paths of life
Walk heroines who merit no less praise,
Who give themselves through endless rounds of days,
Who slowly cede youth, beauty, health, and strength,
Until poor self a bankrupt is at length.

Ah! easier far to yield up all one hath,
In one brief pang, so swift ’tis scarcely felt,
Than one by one to see life’s treasures melt,
Dear joys given o’er with sad, averted eyes,
For those who dream not of the sacrifice!

GUNHILDA, EMPRESS OF ROME.

SHE was the sister of the king ;
All England held no fairer thing,
 That land of flower faces ;
Her sweet face gleamed with radiance white
Like lilies pure that softly light
 'The garden's shady places.

And, like the lilies crowned with gold,
Her little head could scarce uphold
 Its wealth of shining tresses,
And when she spake 'twas low and sweet
As when the lily's breath doth greet
 The sense with soft caresses.

She moved so soft, she spake so fair,
So gracious was her gentle air
 That pride alone seemed wanting,
Yet hers was womanhood's high pride
That makes the other pale beside,
 Its purer lineage vaunting.

Suitors they came from near and far,
Noble and prince and emperor ;
 But all in vain they sued her,
And never did her heart succumb
'Till Henry, Emperor of Rome,
 Beheld and loved and wooed her.

She sat on high all clothed in white
When first she burst upon his sight
 In all her matchless fairness,
And his dark beauty sent a blush
Across her cheeks, whereon the flush
 Was lovelier for its rareness.

His dark eyes hold her azure ones
As when the quivering lightning stuns
 And briefly paralyzes,
And love is born amid the shock,
And loudly at their hearts doth knock,
 Wherein swift tumult rises.

“O island lily!” so he spake
Below his breath, “I sure shall take
 Thee hence and safe transplant thee;
This glowing climate of my breast
Shall warm and shield thee, I protest,
 Do thou but one smile grant me!”

Hardicanute, her brother, smiled
Upon the wooing, and beguiled
 The time with merry living;
Gunhilda loved, but still would fain
The value of the gift maintain
 By slowness in the giving.

And when at length the nuptials fell,
Unto this day no bard may tell
 With justness of the splendor,

The gold and silver, jewels rare,
The silks, the steeds beyond compare
Both king and people sent her.

Long was the journey to her home
In that far, splendid city, Rome,
Wherein this island flower
Was honored, cherished, and beloved
'Till fairer she than when removed
From her chill northland bower.

But hath not ev'ry flow'ret fair
Some wanton enemy whose care
In secret is to blast it?
Lo! crept a dastard to her lord,
And from his lip there fell a word
That never should have passed it:

“Faithless thy empress is, O sire!
Thy pure north-flower through the mire
Hath stooped to drag her beauty;
And we who know it to be truth,
We tell it thee because, in sooth,
We deem it is our duty.”

The emperor, in jealous rage,
Past tiring-woman and past page
Rushed madly to the empress,
Crying, “O woman, now I know
Thou art not as thine outward show,
Thou'rt but a wanton temptress!

“Thou shalt not live ! it were a crime
To lengthen out thy worthless time !
Thy life myself will take it !”
But something in the lady's look
His cruel resolution shook,
Half minded he to break it.

White-robed and crowned with shining hair,
Her milky throat and soft arms bare,
She sat at twilight musing ;
Her thoughts were of her one, one love,
Her dear, dark lord, all else above,
The husband of her choosing.

And in the soft, gray twilight dim
She started up to welcome him
With little cries of gladness,
Her blue eyes filled with love's sweet light,
Out-stretched to him her round arms white,
Unwitting of his madness.

But as she saw his cruel look,
The meaning of his words she took,
And of the sword uplifted,
And, pausing midway, on her breast
An icy something seemed to rest
As when chill snows are drifted.

No word she spake, but she who knew
No idle pride her slight form drew
To greater height, and standing

A frozen figure of pale pride,
She pointed to the portal wide
 With gesture stern, commanding.

So lofty was her look and air,
That he, even he the emperor,
 Was quelled, and, no word spoken,
He turned and from her presence sped
Upon his cheek a flush of red,
 Her silence still unbroken.

It was a custom of the time
That one who was accused of crime
 Should clear herself by duel
Against the foul defamers who
Upon her innocence threw
 'Their accusations cruel.

Gunhilda's enemy was one
Of such gigantic stature, none
 Of all the knights and squires
Who came with her their lot to cast
Dared cope with him who strove to blast
 Her fame with hate's fierce fires.

At last, a little page who came
From England in her train felt shame
 That none should clear his lady,
Whose innocence all men should know,
So good, so gracious she, and so
 Himself her champion made he.

He was so brief a bit of man,
In jest he was called "Mimecan,"
 But well he loved his lady,
And in her innocence he kept
Such faith his heart indignant leapt,
 He could not well afraid be.

Until her innocence's proof
Amid the courtiers, yet aloof,
 Gunhilda walked all queenly ;
It was as if a statue might
Have clothed itself in floating white
 And midst them stood serenely,

Unheeding what they said or did,
The eye unseeing 'neath its lid,
 The lips of Parian paleness,
And in the breast a frozen thing
That nothing evermore might bring
 To life or warmth or haleness.

And now the day was come at last,
And gathered was a concourse vast
 To view the fray unequal ;
Serene the empress sat on high,
As if with calm, foreseeing eye
 She knew before, the sequel.

The little page upraised his sword
And rushed the stately giant toward
 Amid derisive laughter,

But lo ! the puny fellow drew
His sword the giant's hamstring through,
And cut his head off, after.

Advancing at her soft command,
He gave the head into her hand,
Whereat she, rising slowly,
With one proud look about, withdrew,
Unheeding how the plaudits grew
From highly born and lowly.

With eager steps the emperor
To her apartments followed her,
And lowly sued for pardon,—
“O love, canst thou forgive me, tell ?
I did but love thee over-well,
Do not thy soft heart harden !”

She smiled a strange, slow, mirthless smile :
“Indeed, my lord, 'tis not worth while
To say thou'st loved unduly ;
Thou never lovedst me, in sooth,
Thou'dst staked thy life upon my truth
If thou hadst loved me truly,

“As I for thee would fain have done
Had thy fair fame been set upon,
Though all the world misused thee !
But thou'st believed the first who came,
The first who sought to smirch my fame,
The first who hath accused me !”

“ Ah, sweet !” he cried, “ dost thou not know
It was because I loved thee so
That I was fain to slay thee ?
Without thy love I cannot live !
Oh, harden not thy heart, but give,
Ah, give it back, I pray thee !”

Slowly she reached and took the head,
Saying, “ I give thee this instead,—
For one dead thing another :
Dost thou not know when love is slain
It may not come to life again
For thee or any other !”

With that she turned from him away,
And ever from that fatal day
Remained to love a stranger ;
So meek she was, yet proud in this,
She could not brook a lesser bliss
That any chance might danger.

And some will deem she never loved,
But there be those will deem she proved
She had but loved the truer ;
Where one has loved with his whole heart,
He cannot love with lesser part,
And doubt is love’s undoer.

WOMAN THE ECHO.

O HAPLESS Echo of the earlier time,
Who didst pursue Narcissus everywhere,
Thy heart high-beating, fit to break with love,
Enchained by silence, since thou couldst not dare
Do aught but shape thy speech upon his own,
Which ne'er of love did tell,—may I not share
Thy grief with thee? for ah! I too have known,
Nay do I not, alas, still know
The grief that did assail thee long ago?

Like thee I am a woman, and like thee
I love, with love deep buried in the heart.
No word must tell of all the hope and fear,
The joy, the pain, the bliss, the ceaseless smart!
For ah! as in the olden time, to-day,
Still must the woman, Echo, play thy part,—
No word of love ere he that word shall say!
Perchance the sorry end to be
That he, Narcissus-like, loves self, not thee.

TO THE NEW WOMAN.

O WOMAN with the earnest face,
What'er thou gainest in the race,
 Hold fast to sweetness,
The seal of womanly completeness.
How if the rose did scentless spring,
Think'st thou that form and coloring
 Could e'er endue her
With that deep charm that draws us to her?
Let others tell thee to be strong,
'Tis well, the race both hard and long,
But thou, believe, shalt find at length
In sweetness lies thy greatest strength.

A WOMAN'S PLACE.

THE beast hath place on earth,
The bird in sky,
The fish in sea,
But I—what place have I?

No place a woman hath
Who doth not fill
Some human heart,
And shape its good or ill.

No empty heart, alas !
For me shall cry
When wholly past
This unguessed riddle "I."

If, then, no blank I leave,
What place had I?
Alas ! no place
In earth, or sea, or sky !

RENÉ CHASTAINE.

Good René Chastaine
Came over the main.

Of Baptist faith was he, this son of France,
And hoped upon Virginia soil perchance
To find the right to worship God as he
Thought fit, and have the precious liberty
 To preach the Word to all
 Upon whose ears his voice might fall.
Many there were who heard,
Many received the Word,
Until the proud Established Church grew sore.
And bade him preach no more.

Good René Chastaine,
Forbidden on pain
Of prisonment to speak, yet faltered not,
And so erelong it was his weary lot
To languish in the jail of Chesterfield,
But even here his spirit would not yield.
 He thrust his arms between
 The bars that closed the casement in,—
 Too eager he to wait
 The mending of his fate,—
And lifting up his voice that all might hear,
Proclaimed Christ far and near.

Good René Chastaine
Appealed not in vain :
The people came in throngs to hear one full
Of courage high and faith unquenchable.
Then said the pillars of the church, " Ye see
He worketh greater havoc bond than free ;
Let the dissenter go !"
And forth good René fared, I trow
In mood triumphant, and
More able to command
The hearts of men than he had been before
The prison closed its door.

Good René Chastaine,
If ever again
My weak will falters from its steadfast aim
Because of obstacle, methinks thy name
Shall rouse my sinking courage to its best,
And I perchance wax stronger for the test,
And reaching through the bars
Of circumstance, toward the stars,
Still seek, come joy or ruth,
The thing I deem the truth,
Knowing whatever bonds Life forge for me,
My spirit still is free.

LIFE'S TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

LIFE's tragedy is when from heart and brain
Pours forth the warm, swift current of your best,—
 Thought's deepest flow, Love's highest flood,
 And beats itself against a mood
 Of careless, smiling, gay content,
 Too indolent
To guess your soul's deep yearning and unrest.

Life's comedy is when, the moods reversed,
Smiling we sit, spectators of the play,
 Nor know, nor heed that what beguiles
 Our careless, absent, fleeting smiles,
 To one means all of good or ill.
 Self-centred still,
We think because we laugh the world is gay.

APRIL SNOWS.

COLD—where of late the tender grass was springing,
And the brave crocus strove, the earth's embrace off-
flinging—

Cold lies the snow to-day in thin and scattered patches,
And o'er the earth's brown face
Of summer is no trace,

No joyous spring-time sound the listening ear now
catches.

Yet shall the morrow's sun revive the weak young
season.

And thou, sore-stricken one, shouldst thou not there-
fore reason

That God's warm smile on thee shall rest, to melt thy
sorrow,

And hope's green blade shall spring,

And life's sweet song-birds sing,

And summer in thy heart awake some glad to-morrow?

THOSE OTHER YEARS.

TIME, thou'st brought many goodly gifts to me,
Gifts priceless, lovely and well-loved they be,
Life, youth, love, friends, all things I hold most dear,
But, ah ! thou dost recall them year by year !
Life still is mine, 'tis true, but, last of all,
Thou wilt one day thine earliest gift recall.
Youth thou art taking from me day by day,
In vain do I petition thee to stay
The hand thou layest on my cheek and brow
To calm the pulses throbbing swift below.
Love thou hast slain. Ah, me ! why shouldst thou be,
As thou art ever, Love's worst enemy ?
Old friends thou takest from me one by one,
And there are none to fill their places, none !
New faces show for me their smiles and tears,
Yet move me not like those of other years.
I know thou wilt, as thou hast done of yore,
Bring gifts again, but though thou shouldst outpour
For me the things men prize, fame, fortune, all,
I know full well thou never wilt recall
The fresh young life that made all things a joy ;
The roses thou art seeking to destroy ;
The love that gave its all, a bounteous store,
And wept to think that it could give no more ;
The friendships that uplifted and gave wings
To all life's small, unnoted, common things ;—

All these, alas, thou never wilt restore !
And yet, ah would I not with joy give o'er
All thou shalt to me in the future bring,
For those loved voices that were wont to ring
So sweetly in mine ears in other days,
For those kind eyes that kept their warmest rays
For me, or let their saddest tear-drops fall
O'er woes of mine ! O Time, do thou keep all
Thou hast of precious gifts reserved for me,
I care not though they rich and many be,
But give, oh, give me back those other years,
Those other faces, other smiles and tears !

THE BRAVE TAPER-BEARER.

ONCE, on the day of Pentecost,
King Sigurd's soul was tempest tossed
By one of those wild bursts of pain
That clouded now and then his brain.
With lowering features sat he there,
While in his hands he held a fair
And precious Book which he had brought
From Eastern lands, the letters wrought
Of shining gold. His gloomy look
First turned he on the heavy Book,
And then upon his sad-eyed queen
Who sat near by with patient mien.
At length he scowled on her and said,
"The years are long since we were wed.
How things in one man's time may change !
When I in my good ship did range
From Eastern shores towards these, I bore
Two things which seemed to me far more
In value than the store of gold
And silver in the vessel's hold ;
And one wast thou, my faded queen,
And one this Book o'er which I lean.
More worthless than the Book has grown
One thing, O Malmfrid, one alone !
That one art thou !" and, saying so,
He struck his faithful queen a blow

Upon her face, and threw the Book
Upon the fire with hand that shook
From sudden rage. Then swift upsprung
A taper-bearer from among
The serving-men who sat anear.
Young Ottar Birting felt no fear
As forth he stepped and snatched the Book
From off the fire and straightway took
It unto Sigurd's place and said,
"Yea, changed the times, my lord, indeed,
Since thy good ship to Norway sailed,
And all thy waiting people hailed
Thy near approach with joyous shout.
But sorrow folds us now about,
For all thy friends are gathered here
To feast with thee and make good cheer,
But glad and merry cannot be
While this sad mood possesseth thee.
Not in the queen is change, my lord,
Nor in this precious written Word,
But in thy heart ; for when men grow
Away from good they once did know,
Ofttimes they deem the change has been
Without themselves and not within.
Fair is queen Malmfrid as when she
Followed thy fortunes o'er the sea,
From summer lands with warm suns bright,
To dwell 'neath our cold Northern Light.
And dearer should she seem by far,
Whose peace thou seekest thus to mar,
For all the years she fond has loved
Whilst thou her patience sore hast proved.

The words within this holy Book,
Which thou dost view with scornful look,
The same are still as when of yore
O'er its gold letters thou didst pore,
And to thy people read of One
Who would not deeds like thine were done.
Deign now, my lord, advice to take :
By gentleness thy peace first make
With Malmfrid, whom thou deep hast wronged,
And then shall those about thee thronged
Rejoice that Sigurd is again
Himself, and fit to rule o'er men."

"And darest thou me counsel give,
Thou base-born wretch, and hope to live?"
The king cried, while his sword he drew,
And, furious, straight at Ottar flew.
The people waited, one and all,
To see young Ottar's fair head fall
From off his shoulders to the floor ;
But he stood firmly as before,
And calmly gazed upon the king,
Who suddenly his sword did bring
On Ottar's shoulder softly down,
And to the others, with a frown,
He turned and said, "There is not one
Among ye, liegemen, who hath done
A thing so brave as this ! For shame
To let thy king do, free from blame,
Mad acts like mine ! I thank thee much,
Young Ottar. 'Tis not fitting such

Brave men as thou should have their seat
Mid serving-men. I therefore greet
Thee liegeman ! Thou art now the peer
Of any of my soldiers here.
For that so brave a deed thou'st done,
No more shalt thou serve any one !
Since thou to speak the truth didst dare,
Sword and not taper shalt thou bear !''

LOVE AND DEATH.

THE whelming wave of darkness from the land
Began at length to ebb and flow away,
While still the battle raged 'twixt Sleep and Thought,
And each by turns seemed victor in the fray ;
Low hung a murky moon in misty skies,
And cast a shadowy radiance where I lay ;
The trees, that moaned and shivered through the night,
Stood still to listen for the coming day.
All night had I, with Memory hand in hand,
Wandered adown the Past's pain-haunted path,
Lined with sad spectres whose great eyes did seem
More full of burning anguish than of wrath.
In vain I strove to turn away from them,
Poor ghosts of joys that might have been mine own ;
'They woke dull throbs of pain within a heart
I had believed was cold and callous grown.
A hush fell sudden o'er me, and I seemed
To look and listen for I knew not what,
While, slowing drifting 'twixt the moon and me,
Mine eyes beheld a faint and formless blot,
Which gathered shape and substance, 'till I saw
Two forms regarding me ; and one I knew
Full well ! too well ! those rosy, laughing lips,
Those eyes, like night-skies, deep and dusky blue,
Those soft, warm hands slow stretching forth to mine,—
Yes, these, all these, alas, too well I knew !

For I had wandered hand in hand with Love
Through one brief, glowing span of joyous days,
And now it seemed again she beckoned me,
And willed that I should follow in her ways.
Soft welled these words from out her lips of rose :
“Come thou once more with me, and thou shalt know
Old joys again.” She smiled divinely slow.
I reached to twine my hand with hers, but lo !
The spectres of the past bent looks of woe
Upon me, and it seemed they vainly strove
With writhing lips to bid me not to go,
And pointed shadowy fingers to the shape
That stood anear the one I knew so well,
As if to bid me rather that way turn.
I turned, obedient, and my glances fell
Upon a form I knew not, silent, dark,
With sable wings that coldly swept my brow ;
A mien majestic, face divinely calm,
Whereon nor joy nor grief their lines might plough ;
The lips nor smiled nor scorned, the eyes were grave,
No word was uttered, stirred no sound or breath,
Yet here, I knew, for me was lasting peace,
And straightway stretched I forth my hand to Death ;
Nor did I falter, for at length I knew
Love would again my path with pain bestrew.

Low hung a murky moon in misty skies,
The trees stood still to listen for the day :
Perchance I did but dream of Love and Death,
Perchance they passed me near and fled away.

THE LEGEND OF LACHRYMÆ CHRISTI.

THUS saith the legend, that when Paul was come
Near to his journey's end,—fair, fatal Rome,—
The ship cast anchor in the sheltering bay
Of Puteoli, and therein did stay
For seven whole days. And thus the captain said,
“Our thanks we give to thee, for through the dread
Of wind and wave and rock which late oppressed,
Thou wert our stay. If now thou deemest best,
Go, wise and worthy man, this soldier as thy guard,
And view fair Naples, for I give my word
'Tis well worth seeing. When the week is spent,
See thou return'st, for then our sails are bent
For mighty Rome, where thou shalt sure find shield
In Cæsar, unto whom thou hast appealed.”

Then gladly Paul set out upon his way,
Along the shores of Naples' lovely bay,
For he had heard that Jesus, as a youth,
Had wandered there, had spoken oft, in truth,
Of that fair scene which meets the traveller's eye
When, turning, near Vesuvius' summit high,
He gazes down o'er vale and hill and sea :
So thitherward his footsteps first turned he,
And, ever climbing, paused not till he stood
Where he could view the scene his Lord had viewed.
And as it burst upon his gladdened gaze,—
The far-off islets lost in humid haze,

The softly-sighing sea, the silvery shore,
 The dim and distant hill-tops, wooded o'er
 With cypress, laurel, orange, olive, plane,
 The fertile fields where waved the wind-swept grain,
 The vineyards purpling 'neath the summer sun,—
 He lifted up his voice and cried, "The One
 Who made all this, doth He not here declare
 That bounteous goodness, wherein all men share?"

Now, as he spake these words, he heard a sound,
 And, turning swift, an aged peasant found
 Close by his side, who pressed the way-worn man
 His hut to enter, and, when there, began
 To set before him fragrant fruits and wine.
 "Yea, they are very good, these fruits of thine,"
 Said weary Paul, "but better far, methinks,
 This rich, life-giving wine." "Yea, he who drinks
 That wine," the peasant said, "can ne'er forget
 Its subtle flavor, like naught else, nor yet
 Another draught may find save on this mount.
 A story hangs thereon; I will recount
 It while ye rest and sup, if so ye will.
 'Tis wondrous strange ye sure will deem, and still
 I swear 'tis true.

. This many a year ago,
 Close to the very spot I found thee on,
 A lovely youth of gentle mien I met.
 Clad in the Hebrew garments was he, yet
 The stamp of kinghood was upon his brow,
 Which whiter gleamed than freshly fallen snow;
 His silken locks like noon-tide sunbeams shone;
 His eyes, the mildest I e'er looked upon,

Gazed forth upon the very scene which thou
Wast praising when I met thee, even now.
Like thee, he praised it, and his looks were filled
With rapture ; sweeter than the juice distilled
From fragrant flowers by patient, plodding bees,
His voice was as he uttered words like these :
' Ah ! fair, most fair it is ! from highest Heaven
Methinks this goodly bit of earth was riven,
In that past time when powers of good and ill
Still for the mastery struggled fierce, and still
Made space re-echo with their battle-cries.'
He paused awhile, and then I saw his eyes
Slow fill with tears, and now he spake again,
In saddest tones, ' Alas ! alas that men
Should fill this fairest spot with grief and sin !'
For me, I almost thought my heart had been
Riven in twain by that deep, tender tone,
Where pity, grief, and love were merged in one.
And yet, as when through falling drops we see
An arch that tells of fairer skies to be,
So, as the sun shone through those falling tears,
I seemed to see the hope of better years.
The strange part of my story is to tell :
Just where the youth's great tears of pity fell,
There soon began to grow a verdant vine
Which bore the fruit from whence this wondrous wine
Was erelong made which even now thou drink'st.
Pray tell me, friends, if not with me thou think'st
That I, in this poor, lowly hovel here
Have entertained the son of Jupiter,
E'en Bacchus, giver of the goodly wine ?'
" Yea," said the soldier, " my thought fits with thine."

"Yea, verily," the good apostle said,
 In hushed and reverent tone, with low-bent head,
 "The Son of God! right well indeed thou'st guessed!
 Giver of wine, too, for a cup He blessed
 And to His people gave with this command,
 'Drink ye hereof, and let it ever stand
 In memory of the debt ye owe to me,
 And of the covenant 'twixt me and thee.'"

"Then thou dost know of him?" "Yea, much,"
 said Paul;
 "If thou art willing I will tell thee all
 I know of Him and of His works."

The host

Consenting, Paul, as was his wont, made most
 Of each new hour to spread his Master's name.
 He told of that pure life, that death of shame
 Upon the cross, the waking from the dead,
 And all Christ's wondrous works, and then he said,
 "This is the work He left for me, to go
 Forth through the world and unto all men show
 How, if they leave their sins, the blood He shed
 Will blot out all the past, and they may tread
 The pathway of a clean and blameless life.
 Blest tidings to the soul that wages strife
 And fain would rise to higher things, but feels
 The past a burden under which he reels
 And faints and falls and may not rise again.
 His crucifixion showeth unto men
 How, if they follow in His blessed way,
 Self may be crucified with each new day,

While from the tombs of their slain selves they rise
To that new, higher life which never dies."

So was he speaking when the sun's warm light
Went out through crimson portals into night;
And when the lamp was lighted in the room,
And near him all were gathered in that home,
Still spake he on, and ever breathlessly
They listened to the words he said, while he
Marked not the flight of time. When morning came,
Before he left the mount, he in the name
Of Christ had christened not his host alone,
But all that peasant household, and his own
Stern Roman guard.

Still is this sparkling wine
Pressed from the fragrant fruitage of the vine,
On Mount Vesuvius, and still the name
'Neath which the cup is tendered is the same,
Lachrymæ Christi, "Tears of Christ," and he
Who quaffs the cup, therein a wine shall see
Pale and pellucid as the tears 'tis said
Christ on Vesuvius' Mount in sorrow shed.

THE COURAGE OF LIFE.

COURAGE to look on coming years,
Their slender hopes, their certain tears,
With spirit still undaunted.

Courage to see illusions fade,
Thine idols fall that thou hast made,
To be by memories haunted.

Courage to see thyself grow old,
Thy place usurped by the young and bold,
Their strength before thee flaunted.

Courage to face those dark, dark hours
When doubt uprises and o'erpowers
The faith that thou hast vaunted.

A FEW LYRICS AND SONNETS.

O WHITE, SWEET FLOWER OF PEACE.

O WHITE, sweet flower of peace,
In what far country dost thou grow?
Ah me! long hours I sought
Thee where gay summer gardens glow
 With roses fair;
 Alas! thou wast not there,
O white, sweet flower of peace!

O white, sweet flower of peace,
I sought thee in a meadow deep,
 Where pleasure's poppies red
The willing senses softly steep
 In drowsy air;
 But never wast thou there,
O white, sweet flower of peace!

O white, sweet flower of peace,
I sought thee in a woodland still,
 Where all was gloom and hush;
But dews and damps my soul did chill,
 Sad was the air,
 And thou, thou wast not there,
O white, sweet flower of peace!

O white, sweet flower of peace,
I sought thee still in wistful dream;

98 *O WHITE, SWEET FLOWER OF PEACE.*

And near a quiet grave,
Low-blooming, there to me did seem
That thou didst dwell
Beside the asphodel,
O white, sweet flower of peace !

A LOVER'S BARGAIN.

If all bright eyes that ever shone
 Looked sweetly into mine,
I'd gladly shun them if I might
But sun myself 'neath thine, dear love,
 But sun myself 'neath thine.

If all red lips that ever smiled
 Were offered unto mine,
I'd gladly pass them if I might
But lay my lips on thine, dear love,
 But lay my lips on thine.

If all white arms that ever twined
 Were held forth unto mine,
I'd gladly flee them if I might
But refuge seek in thine, dear love,
 But refuge seek in thine.

Oh! all the love that e'er has been
 Is naught compared with mine,
Yet gladly will I barter it—
In fair exchange for thine, dear love,
 In fair exchange for thine!

HOW, WHEN, AND WHY.

How came this love ?

I cannot tell.

Or if it grew as months rolled on,

Or swift as light of sudden dawn

It o'er me fell,

I cannot tell.

Thus much is clear,

Howe'er it came,

This love is here.

When came this love ?

I cannot tell.

Or if I mused at twilight gray,

Or idly dreamed at heat of day

When it befell,

I cannot tell.

Merged into one

Are seasons, times

Since love's begun.

Why came this love ?

I cannot tell.

Or if the light of eyes divine,

Or if the soul that answers mine

First wove the spell,

I cannot tell.

I only know

This love that came

Can never go.

BLOW, SWEET WIND OF THE SPRING-TIME,
BLOW !

Blow, blow, sweet wind of the spring-time, blow !
 Blow through my straying hair !
My cloak of winter I loose to thee,
 And my head to thee I bare.
Blow, blow through my being until I feel
New life through my sluggish pulses steal.

Blow, blow, sweet wind of the spring-time, blow !
 Blow through my aching heart !
My soul I bare to thy healing touch,
 For the strength thou wilt impart.
Blow, blow through my heart until no pain
Be left to crash o'er its chords again.

THE MOON-FLOWER.

MOON-FLOWER, through my casement peering
Timidly, while wanes the light,
Why hast thou thy pale face hidden
All the day from human sight,
Moon-flower, moon-flower silver-white?

Moon-flower, art thou some wan spirit
Doomed to come forth with the night,
Whilst by day thou art forbidden
Gazing on the sun's warm light,
Moon-flower, moon-flower silver-white?

Moon-flower, dost thou, rather, gladly
Hide by day thy longing eye,
Since thou mayst not then behold thy
Lovely namesake of the sky,
Moon-flower, moon-flower white and shy?

Moon-flower, like a lily rocking
On a lake of darkest green,
Thou dost seem her face to mirror
With thy disk of silver sheen,
Moon-flower, moon-flower dimly seen.

Moon-flower, lover of the moonbeam
And the dews and hush of night,
Breathing thy faint fragrance through the
Gloom that hides thee half from sight,
Moon-flower, moon-flower silver-white,

Wouldst thou know the bond betwixt us?—
My heart shuns all glare and light,
Opening, like thy snowy blossom,
Widest in the hush of night,
Moon-flower, moon-flower silver-white.

O TENDER BUDS OF GREEN:

O TENDER buds of green
That fleck the branches o'er,
Ye are sweet Nature's tears of joy
That well forth when the long annoy
Of winter is no more.

O tender buds of green,
How fast ye spread and grow !
Soon shall ye flutter in the breeze,
Laughing and babbling to the world of trees,
Nor heed that summers go.

O tender buds of green,
Sweeter the thankful rain
Shed over grief and sorrow cured,
Than laughter over bliss assured ;
This is the joy of pain.

So tender buds of green
That come when frosts do go,
Dearer by far ye are to me
Than all the flaunting leaves that be
When summer breezes blow.

HE KISSED MY HAND !

He kissed my hand !
Touch light as air,
And yet, ah, how it lingers there
Where soft he kissed my hand !

He kissed my hand !
And where they fell
His lips have left a magic spell,
Where soft they touched my hand.

He kissed my hand !
And left a spell
That draws my lips to where his fell
When soft he kissed my hand.

He kissed my hand !
Ah ! 'tis not fair
One kiss should draw so many there
Where soft he kissed my hand.

He kissed my hand !
He has forget,
But I, ah ! I, alas, have not,
That soft he kissed my hand.

THE ONE BRIGHT HOUR.

Down in a gloomy nook,
Near to a still, cold brook,
 Nestled a flower :
Fell once a ray of light
Full on that flower slight,
 For one bright hour.

Wide oped the floweret then ;
Ne'er fell the ray again
 With warmth and power :
So drooped the blossom fair,
Longing in darkness there
 For that bright hour.

Once was a heart deep hid
Coldness and gloom amid :
 Lo ! one sweet hour
Warm brightness o'er it fell,
Love's blossom felt the spell,
 Wide oped the flower.

Sunshine came not again,
Drooped Love's frail blossom then,
 Shrank like that flower.
Ah ! shall they both not yet
Uplift them and forget
 That one bright hour ?

JUNE'S MAGIC DRAUGHT.

My soul is drunk with thee, O June !
This soft, warm air of early noon
 Has breathed through leafy bowers,
Where honeysuckle reaches high
Her slender cups towards the sky,
 And pours down scented showers.

My soul is drunk with thee, O June !
This soft, warm air of early noon
 Has swept o'er new-mown meadows,
And through the fragrant wild-grape vine,
And where the spice-sweet eglantine
 Deep blushes in the shadows.

My soul is drunk with thee, O June !
This soft, warm air of early noon
 With clover breath is freighted,
Syringas shower perfume out,
And myriad roses shed about
 The sweets with which they're weighted.

My soul is drunk with thee, O June !
This soft, warm air of early noon
 Has, like a cup enchanted,
Through all my veins sweet languor poured—
A magic draught which has restored
 The joys my spring-time granted.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

BIRTH.

IN that strange, awesome hour when day draws near,
When stars are fading in a wan, gray sky,
And, half enveiled, the pallid moon rides high,
When sounds of night are hushed, nor yet we hear
Those early sounds that greet the waking ear,
When earth, grown coldest, seems to faint and die
For warming glances of the sun's bright eye,
Then first was heard my voice. Ah! was it fear
That bade me utter that low, feeble wail?
Fear, and a prescience of the coming strife
With all the grief and tears it must entail?
Or did I weep to leave some other life?
Or did I then first say to life, all hail!
Who, who shall say with what that cry was rife!

II.

DEATH.

IN that sure hour which none may dare to deem
Is more an hour of sorrow than of joy,
When stars adown the field of heaven deploy,
And o'er my white face whiter moon-rays stream,
Revealing where a frozen smile doth beam

On silent lips ; when sounds no more annoy,
Nor word of man my deep peace may destroy,
Then one, perchance, shall bending o'er me dream,
And ponder on the meaning of that look
Whose import those pale lips shall ne'er confess :
" Ah ! was it joy of strange, new life that shook
Her inmost soul, or did tired consciousness
Rejoice to yield the burden once it took ?
Who, who the meaning of that smile shall guess ! "

III.

LIFE.

Why should I idly sit and seek in thought
To pierce behind the doors that fast close in
On birth and death, the unsolved mysteries twin ?
Why question what behind those doors is wrought ?
Mine what between them lies, all else hath naught
To do with this great consciousness wherein
I claim a present part. Ah ! it were sin
That I should longer sit and question aught,—
I through whose veins the floods of life still pour,
Who claim the glory of the sea and sky,
Earth's sounds and sights and scents, and, further-
more,
For whom there still be smiles that meet the eye,
Hands that mine own may fervently clasp o'er,
Lips that in vain to speak the full heart try !

THE WARNING.

As in a waking vision one I met.

A wreath of laurel crowned his splendid brow,
And on his finely carven face was set
A look of never-ending, deep regret.

To me he said, "Behold, take warning thou!

A singer I, remembered even now,
And this my grief, that men will not forget

Those songs unworthy of the bard's high vow.
To loftier strains I might have given tongue,—

I sang for praise, and I was sloth-oppressed,
Had I but striven, pale and spirit-wrung,

Mine high ideals had stood forth confesed.
Take heed! 'twere better thou hadst never sung
Than sing a little lower than thy best!"

SONNET TO THE SUMMER SUN.

WHEN I behold thee shining forth again
With all thy subtle, penetrating power,
Hopes that lay dead through Winter's weary reign,
Within my heart once more revive and flower.
The pain, the gloomy doubt, the deep despair
That haunted me throughout those weary days
Have vanished, while I tell them, into air,
Beneath the mighty magic of thy rays.
Ah! now I know wherefore the Grecians knelt
And told all fearsome dreams to thee, O Sun,
When morning broke, and wonder not they felt
Thou wouldst avert the ill, if that were done.
For, ever, when thou shinest forth in might,
All gloom, all fell foreboding must take flight.

LOVE'S UNIVERSE.

(It is an old saying that if one gaze fixedly for some time at a single star, all the rest will presently be blotted out.)

At eve, when flames of topaz and of rose
Die on earth's battlements of amethyst,
And overhead the dusky sapphire glows
With golden stars that keep their nightly tryst,
Fix thou thine eyes upon some radiant star,
And let it hold thy gaze a lengthy space,
Lo! it shall from thy sight all others bar,
The heavens loom blank save for the one bright
place.
Thus have I fixed on thee my every thought,
So long that all the universe beside
Has faded and grown dull and blank, nor aught
Of light there is save where thou art descried.
Yet gladly I all else give o'er for thee,
Since thou art all the universe to me.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

LOOKING-GLASS VS. SWORD.

It is a saying in far Japan,
That the oath of man
Is sworn upon his trusty sword,
While a woman's oath, alas ! alas !
Is sworn upon her looking-glass.

'Twould seem they deem in far Japan
That the oath of man
Endures like steel, while woman's word
Is brittle as her looking-glass.
But is it so ? Well, let that pass.

Each swears by what upholds his reign :
The sword, 'tis plain,
Is stronger than the mirror frail,
Yet woman armed with looking-glass
Has conquered more than sword e'er has.

Let man by weapons of war make oath,
I'm nothing loath,
Make oaths and keep them—if he can,
But woman, whatever may come to pass,
Will swear by the Sacred Looking-Glass !

WHEN CHANDELIERS DO SHED THEIR
BLAZE.

WHEN chandeliers do shed their blaze,
And o'er the scene the mellow rays
Do softening fall,
There is a glamour then o'er all,
Which e'en fair sunshine cannot give.
Near thee, once more I breathe, I live,
When chandeliers do blaze.

When chandeliers do shed their blaze,
And o'er thy form the mellow rays
Do dazzling fall,
Oh, then there is a spell o'er all
Which singles from the crowd thy face
And leaves none other in the place,
When chandeliers do blaze.

When chandeliers do shed their blaze,
And music, madding-sweet, soft plays,
And thy footfall
Keeps time with mine, then over all
There seems a strange, wild witchery,
I dare to dream thou lovest me,
When chandeliers do blaze.

THE MIGHTY GOD, PROPINQUITY.

LONG the world hath loudly sung
Cupid's praise, but n'er a tongue
Yet hath ventured to proclaim
Him who merits equal fame.
All unsung, unpraised is he,
The mighty god, Propinquity.

Cupid shoots and then doth flee,
Doth not even stay to see
If his arrows reach their mark,
Shooting blindly in the dark.
But far otherwise works he,
The mighty god, Propinquity.

All he asks is but to stay
With his victim day by day,
Each will each in time then find
Grown to be quite to his mind.
Slow but surely worketh he,
The mighty god, Propinquity.

Cupid's darts and smarts one feels ;
Unawares the other steals
On his victims, ere they know
Into bondage fast they go.
Cupid I defy, but flee
The stubborn god, Propinquity.

ON THE SANDS.

UMBRELLA, novelette, and shawl,
He carried each and carried all,
And gave the lady his free hand
To help her down upon the sand.

The huge umbrella lent its shade
To grateful man and gracious maid ;
With all the world quite close at hand,
They felt alone upon the sand.

Some flimsiest web that fiction weaves
She read, he idly turned the leaves,
And so it happened that their hands
Touched, now and then, upon the sands.

Her shawl was fluttered by the breeze,
And both essayed the folds to seize,
And so it happened that their hands
Met once again, upon the sands.

She did not mean it should be so,
But he forgot to let hers go,
And she forgot to claim her hand,
And thus they sat upon the sand.

The book was closed, the shawl blew wide
And as they sat there side by side,

They both agreed to fast lock hands
And walk together o'er life's sands.

No doubt they meant it, doubtless thought
'Twould last, this fabric fancy wrought ;
But castles made by human hands
Endure but ill when built on sands.

Some weeks passed by, and both again
Were seated by the sighing main,
Alas ! he held another's hands,
Another held hers, on the sands.

A LOVER'S EVEN-SONG.

COME out, dear girl, come out !
Soft, lest perchance the rest should hear !
Lay your white hand in mine, no fear,
The sill is low, my arm is strong,
No matter if you step a-wrong.
Come out, dear girl, come out !

Come out, dear girl, come out !
The fire-flies rise from out the grass,
The still bats brush me as they pass,
The whippoorwill is singing clear,
The mellow moon will soon appear.
Come out, dear girl, come out !

Come out, dear girl, come out !
Nay, pray you, do not bid me in ;
On such a night as this 'twere sin
To linger where the lamp-lights blaze ;
Leave that for dreary winter days.
Come out, dear girl, come out !

Come out, dear girl, come out !
In there I am as other men,
But if you come with me, ah ! then
This garden Paradise shall be,
Those first lone, happy lovers we !
Come out, dear Eve, come out !

STAY, LITTLE MOMENT !

"STAY, stay, little moment ! stay !" he cried,
When first her lips he touched with his.

But, ah ! the little moment flew,
As wilful little moments do,
To join the ranks of Father Time,
Who pays no heed to lovers' suits,
Nor brooks delay in his recruits.

"Stay, stay, little moment ! stay !" he cried,
But faster still the moment flew.

How light, how light e'en love's first kiss,
The sweetest of all earthly bliss !
It has no weight with Father Time,
Nor may retard one moment's flight.
E'en love's first kiss so light, so light !

TRIOLET.

HE STOLE JUST ONE KISS.

HE stole just one kiss,

Ah! why did he do it!

I own it was bliss.

Why then do I rue it

He stole just one kiss?

The reason is this,—

I fancied you knew it,—

He stole just *one* kiss!

LOVER AND HUSBAND.

THE air was close, the night was warm ;
He fanned with devoted care,
And idly watched how the whifflets raised
The rings of her bright, brown hair.
Each wave of the fan seemed a soft caress,
The lady's words grew broken,
She trembled a little beneath his gaze
As she felt his love unspoken.

A year had passed and again he stood
Close by the lady's chair,
He held her fan but cooled *his* brow
With most assiduous care.
She thought of that night a year ago
When he tenderly bent above her,
And sighed for a moment, as women will,
For her slowly vanishing lover.

SPRING FANCIES.

It was spring's first charming weather
As they sauntered on together
 Through the city's crowded street ;
And the first young buds were blowing,
And the first warm sun was glowing
 With a touch of summer heat.

He had eyes but for the maiden
And his gaze was heavy laden
 With the feeling at his heart ;
And he pleased himself with fancies
That her half-averted glances
 Meant but shyness on her part.

And he wondered if the feeling
Through and through his being stealing
 Found an echo in her breast.
“ ‘ In the spring-time,’ says the poet,
‘ Young men’s fancies’—but you know it,
 And I’ll not repeat the rest :”

Thus he said, then added, “ Tell me—
Here’s a riddle you can spell me—
 Where do young girls’ fancies turn ?”
And he watched for conscious blushes,
Which, when warm blood upward rushes,
 Make a pair of soft cheeks burn.

Then she turned her eyes, unwilling,
Yet with mischief bright o'erspilling,
 And her color slightly rose.
“In the spring, by modes entrancing,
Young girls' fancies, set a-dancing,
 Lightly turn to thoughts of—clothes.”

ODE (*OWED*) TO MY OLD SHOE.

ADIEU, adieu ! my well-worn shoe !
Together we have trod thus far,
And you have *understood* me well,
No serious *breaks* e'er came to mar
The *footing* upon which we stood,
But now we say farewell for good !
Parting *seams* hard to bear, and so
I ease the strain and let you go.

Sometimes my feelings you have hurt,
And *pegged* away without remorse,
But now all wounds are *newly-heeled*,
Time brings *down-trodden* ones recourse.
I know that you are *shoe-rly* mine,
Moulded to me in every line,
And you've remained until the end,
Though shabby, yet a *whole-soled* friend.

You used at first to quite rebel
When forced to take my daily round ;
I *damped* the ardor of your *sole*,
And heard no further plaintive sound.
You have been faithful to the *last*,
And I am grateful for the past,
Although 'tis literally true
You're " cast aside like an old shoe."

Adieu, adieu ! my well-worn shoe !

I know at your dark lone retreat
Sad longing looks I oft shall cast

When newer favorites at my feet
With zeal uncomfortable press !

I shall cry out at their caress,

“ Unloose the *tie* that binds to you,
And give me back my well-worn shoe ! ”

L'ENVOI.

THE ALCHEMY OF THOUGHT.

WHAT cunning transmutations oft are wrought
By that deft alchemist whom men call Thought !
I wrote a little ode to my old shoe,
Sold it, and thereby bought a frock brand new.
Why, better this than what they sought of old,
To change the baser metals into gold !
O wondrous alchemy ! melts old shoes down
And turns them to a spick-and-span new gown !

A FEW DIALECT POEMS.



HOW THEY GO ON.

DID ye ever take note of the differ'nt way
That men an' women go on when they
Wake up an' diskiver that love is gone?
Say, have y' ever took note how they go on

This here's what's struck me a right good bit,
She wants to remember an' he wants to fergit,
An' the things she remembers they make him cuss,
An' say "Great Scott! what a fool I wuz!"

She keeps all his picters an' letters an' sich,
An' hides 'em away in some safe-like niche,
An' brings 'em all out fer a quiet cry
Some time when she thinks that there's no one by.

Then she ties 'em with ribbons an' putts 'em away
To fetch a good cry some lonesome-like day,
An' sez she, heavin' sighs jest ez big ez she can,
"Law me! how I did useter love that there man!"

An' he, when he's tossin' through collar an' cuff
An' necktie an' kerchief an' sock an' sich stuff,
Ef he finds some ole curl er ole ribbon er glove
That wuz give by the woman he once useter love,

Sez he, ez he gives it a keerless-like fling,
"Why, where on earth did I git that there thing?"

An' snigg'rin', fool-like, ter hisself, sez he,
"My land! how that woman did useter love me!"

Now that's 'bout the way that they both go on
When they wake an' diskiver that love is gone.
An' this here's the main p'int of differ'nce, ye see,
Sez she, "I loved him!" sez he, "She loved me!"

SATI'FIED WITH JUNE.

SOMETIMES in airly summer,
 When 'long to'rds night, I go
Down the lane that leads to paster,
 An' fold my arms up, so,
An' lean agin the railin's
 An' look off to'rds the west,
An' see the earth all bloomin'
 An' fixed up in her best,
An' the moon comes softly stealin'
 An' the stars slip slyly out,—
Why, I kind o' can't help feelin'
 This ole earth is jest about
Ez good a place ez kin be,
An' I don't keer to begin the
 Journey to another sp'ere,
 Sati'fied to be right here,
 Lookin' at the risin' moon,
 Knowin' that it's June, June, June!
 That it's *June!*

When the grass gits damp an' droopy
 An' the ground sends up sweet smells,
An' frum far off 'crost the paster
 Sounds the tinkle of the bells,
An' a little breeze comes trippin'
 'Long the clover-fiel' an' brings
Jest a rush an' gush o' sweetness,
 An' the ole wild grape-vine flings

Down the nicest smell 'at ever
 Tickled sense of mortal man
Then it seems to me there's never
 Been the likes sence time began.
I fergit that cares air lurkin',
An' fergit that I'm a shirkin',
 Jest to live an' breathe an' *be*,
 That there's good enough fer me,
 While my heart beats to the tune
 That this here is June, June, June!
 That it's *June!*

When at last the soft, low twitter
 Of the drowsy birds grows still,
An' I hear a late one callin',
 Beggin' me to whip poor Will,
When I hear the crickets' singin',
 An' the chirp of katydids,
An' the fire-flies rise an' twinkle
 All the medder-grass amids',
When the cattle stalk a bawlin'
 'Crost the paster to the gate,
An' my wife's voice comes a-callin'
 Not to make the supper wait,
An' I hear the baby crowin'
Then I slowly start to go in,
 An' I feel so all-fired good
 That I'm jest blame ef I could
 Ask fer ary other boon!
 Who hain't sati'fied with June,
 Sweet ole *June!*

THE JACKTOWN FAIR.

THE Jacktown fair is in full swing,
You better come go 'long !
Here, jump into the waggin an'
We'll jine the festive throng.
Tight squeeze, but you won't mind it, you'll
Enj'y things jest ez well.
Here, putt this duster over ye
An' hyst the umberel.

Git up there, Dan ! I'm kinder tired
Of takin' Timms's dust,
I'm go'n ter pass him shore this time,
I bet we git there fust !
Who's that he's got in with him, folks ?
Some city gal, I swear !
She haint a patchin', Sue, to you,
Fer all her stuck-up air.

Well, gals, jest look along the road,
Ye see we're almost there
By all the stands an' booths an' things
That follers with a fair.
There's lemonade an' gingerbread
An' peanuts, too, an' pop :
No, thankee, gentlemen, not now,
We haint got time to stop.

Here's the painless tooth-extractor an'
The Injun-yarb-cure man,
An' the side-show with the fat gal
Whose arm ye could'nt span,
Not namin' livin' skellitins,
Two-headed calves an' sich,
An boas hissin', squirmin' till
They make ye fairly twitch.

Let's hurry up an' git inside
An' find a shady spot,
Where we kin hitch the hosses, then
Let's take across the lot
To where the gals kin see the quilts
An' tidies an' crochet,
An' jams an' jells an' all the stuff
The women folks display.

There's Timms's gal has took his arm
Here, Sue, ketch onto mine,
Let's show him we know how to do
The thing up jest ez fine.
He's treatin' ! here, come one, come all,
An' hev some lemonade,
Red kind, with peel a-floatin' round,
An' "stirred up in the shade."

An' now to see prize punkins, squash,
An' beets an' 'taters big,
An' ev'ry blessed animile
Frum poultry up to pig.



An' mind, ye're all to come up to
The waggin when it's noon,
To git yer grub an' watch the gal
Go up in the balloon.

We'll see the hoss race run a while,
An' then be off by four,
An' that'll give me plenty time
To drap ye at yer door.—
Sakes, Sue! I'm glad they've all gone off
An' left us where we air,
Fer you're jest all I care to see
At this here Jacktown fair.

THE P'INT OF VIEW.

REE'LY, now, don't it seem queer
Ev'rything on this here sp'ere
Jest depends on how ye take it?
Mebbe some one else 'll make it
Out to be the opposite
Of the thing you've pictered it.
Mebbe both of 'em air true—
Jest a differ'nt p'int of view.

There's that rose a-hangin' there,
Smellin' sweet an' lookin' fair;
To a bee, now haint it funny?
It's jest a place fer gittin' honey:
What / think wuz made fer looks
Is down ez "work-shop" in his books.
He is right, an' I am too,—
Jest a differ'nt p'int of view.

OUR OLEEVY.

My ! but she wuz purty, our Oleevy wuz !
Hair ez yellor ! curlin' like the grape-vine does ;
Eyes ez big ez saucers, black ez blackes' ink,—
She wuz smart'z they make 'em, 'Leevy wuz, / I think.

Paw he died, an' mammy then she put us in
Th' Orphing Home fer Childern. She got hitched
ag'in,
An' her new man he took us, 'ceptin' 'Leevy, she
'Uz 'dopted by a woman 'twouldn't set her free.

You know how the people 'doptin' childern do ?
Stand 'em all together, look 'em through an' through,
Choose the bestest lookin' ! never seem to think
May be cross an' naughty, lie ez quick ez wink.

I got warts an' freckles, eyes 'at kind o' squint,
Nose 'at's sort o' snubby an' hair ez white ez lint,
So I'z never 'dopted. Cracky ! how I cried
When they took Oleevy, thought 'at I'd 'a' died !

Fer they allays called me “ 'Leevy's little maw.”
'Leevy never whimpered frum the time she saw
All the brand-new fixin's bought fer her to wear,
But I can't believe 'at 'Leevy didn't care.

Maw jes' took on orful when she foun' 'at she
Couldn't git Oleevy,—took it out on me.
'Leevy's new maw took her some'rs way out West,
An' we heard she give her ever'thing the best.

She had music lessons, an' I guess by now
Plays on the pie-anney,—ought to, anyhow ;
An' she's got a locket, an' some fing-er-rings,
An' a *reely* watch, besides a lot of other things.

I don't want 'em ! ruther stay here with my maw,
But Oleevy's different, best I ever saw
Ain't too good fer 'Leevy ! she's jes' borned to be
Reg'ler little lady, don't look kin to *me*.

Onct she come, that woman, to see her folks ag'in :
Maw an' me we wondered ef 'Leevy 'd know her kin.
Maw she cried an' tremmeld, dropped down on her
knees
Right in front of 'Leevy,—'Leevy said, “Don't,
please !”

Maw cried, “Oh, my baby don't remember me !”
'Leevy she seemed sorry, puzzled-like to be,—
Reckon 'at she acted that there way because
She thought it 'uz funny she should have *two* maws.

“Oh, my heart is broken !” maw cried out : “jes' see
How my purty baby's clean fergitted me !”
An' the woman tole us best not come again,
Best fer all 'at 'Leevy *should* fergit her kin.



Maw she takes on, sometimes, 'bout our 'Leevy now,
But I tell her, " Mammy, I jes' know, somehow,
'At our little 'Leevy kind o' 'membered us,
Though she kep' so quiet, didn't make no fuss.

" Ef that woman 'd lef' her to herself, I know
'Leevy would 'a' 'membered." Oh, I loved her so !
Our little 'Leevy, 'at I know 'at she
Never, never could 'a' clean fergitted me !

MAKIN' MUD-PIES.

WHEN I det tired of playin' dolls,
An' 'tendin' 'at they's makin' calls,
An' all the other things 'at they
Make little durls stay home an' play,
I jest skeedaddle off an' run
Down our back lot, an' my ! what fun !
I work till dinner so's to s'prise
My maw with nice, big, fat mud-pies.

There's a boy next door 'at sometimes pokes
His head between the fence, an' jokes,
An' laughs, an' says he knows why I
Am always makin' "ole mud-pie."
"You're made o' dirt yoreself, ho ! ho !
No wonder 'at you like it so.
Oh aint you jest a purty sight !
Say, honest, air you black er white?"

Nen I det jest ez *mad* ! an' say
"Do 'way, you naughty boy, do 'way !
You're made o' dirt yoreself, 'ats why
You're such an udly boy. But I
Am made frum sudar an' frum spice
An' ever'thing 'ats dood an' nice,
My mammy says. Do 'way ! fer I
Am busy makin' this mud-pie."

An' nen the dinner-bell 'll ring,
 An' maw 'll say, " Dirty little thing !
 Don't come near me till you air clean !"
 But I do up to her an' lean
 My muddy han's on her an' say,
 " I made this pie fer you to-day."
 An' nen she hugs me till I hurt,
 An' never seems to mine the dirt,
 An' says, " Why, bless my darlin's eyes,
 I 'most could eat her an' her pies."

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

A STORY OF THE HOSPITAL.

YES, ma'am, I'm gittin better now, the doctor he sez so,
'N the purty nuss 'at wears a cap—say, I bet Doc's her
beau!

'Cause onct when I wuz huggin' her, the doctor he
stood by,

'N I could see he wisht he'z me, 'n I sez, "Doc," sez I,
"Don'tche wish 'at you're a little boy?" 'N my, how
red he got!

'N kinder looked at her an' laughed. He's sweet on
her, 'at's what!

'N so am I, but Doc, I guess, 'll git her, fer ye see
I'm on'y sevin, 'n he's got too big a start of me.

They're mighty good to me, 'n yit I miss my maw a lot.
Ef she could jest be here with me I'd ruther stay 'an
not,

Fer we're jest orful poor, sometimes we haint enough
to eat!

Maw's poorly, she can't hunt fer work, like some, frum
street to street.

I useter wish 'at I could work a blackin' boots fer gents,
I know a boy 'at makes some days ez much ez twenty
cents!

But I'm too lame to walk aroun', 'n so I jest 'ud sit
'N wish "Oh, ef I had a crutch to git about a bit!"

I kep' a thinkin' night an' day, "How shell I git me one?"

'N last I 'membered hearin' say 'at the way 'at some folks done

When wantin' sump'n' orful bad wuz jest to go an' pray,
'N so I thought, "I'll pray to God to send a crutch my way.

But like ez not he'll never hear, my voice is orful weak,—

I'll write a letter, 'n he'll mind that morn 'n ef I speak."

I writ it, 'n a neighbor boy he took it to the place,

'N said the man laughed ruther hard, 'cause tears come on his face.

He must 'a' sent the letter straight, fer in a day er so
Some ladies come, 'n with 'em Doc, 'n Doc sez he,
"Hello,

Young man, I hear you've sent way off to Heaven to
git a crutch!

An' now, le's see what we kin do, p'r'aps not very much."

He thumped me, 'n he poked my back, 'n listened at
my chist,

'N felt my pulse, 'n nen he struck the table with his
fist,

'N sez, "We'll jest do all we kin to set ye on yer feet!
I bet I see ye yit, ye scamp, a racin' 'roun' the street!"

The ladies they got maw some work 'n nen they brought
me here,

'N fixed me up in this here brace; I tell ye it feels
queer!

They gimme lots to eat 'n drink, 'n make me stuff and
stuff,

Fer Doc sez half the trouble is I never got enough !

I'm gittin' stronger ev'ry day, 'n I kin walk a bit !

The nuss she sez she knows I'll live to he'p my mother
yit !

“ 'N marry you ! ” I sez to her. She laughs 'n strokes
my pate,

'N sez, “ Ask Doc. Ef he sez so, I'm willin' fer to
wait.”

The neighbor boy he laughs 'n sez my letter didn't go,
Because I didn't git jest what I wried fer, ye know.

But nuss sez folks don't do sech things fer boys like me
unless

God puts 'em in their heads to do : 'n so He thought,
I guess,

“ Down there's a little feller that haint asked fer very
much,

'N so I'll let Doc make him walk.” That's better than
a crutch.

BARNEY OF KILLARNEY.

HAVE ye iver seen young Barney,
Wid his curlin' coal black hair,
An' his mouth a-drippin' blarney,
An' his laugh as free as air?
Oh, travel up an' travel down
From Kerry to Kildare,
Ye'll ne'er find sich another as
Young Barney anywhere,
As that blatherin' young Barney
Of Killarney.

Sure, the gyurls they all love Barney,
An' he shpakes thim all right fair,
An' they all belave his blarney;
Sorra bit does Barney care.
Oh, travel up an' travel down
From Kerry to Kildare,
There's mony a heart that's beatin' high
For Barney, ivrywhere,
For that blatherin' young Barney
Of Killarney.

But there's wan turns pale for Barney
Whin the others blushin' air,
Whin they're laughin' at his blarney
Down her cheek there rolls a tear.

Oh, travel up and travel down
From Kerry to Kildare,
He'll ne'er find with that loves so true
As she loves, anywhere,
Loves that Maribeth's young Barney
Of Killarney.

Oh, he can't resist it, Barney :
Sick a love as hers, I swear.
Sure he'll some day quit his Marney—
Or he'll save it all for her.
Then, travel up an' travel down
From Kerry to Kildare,
Ye'll ne'er find sick a happy gyarl
As she'll be, anywhere.
An' her name? Lave that for Barney
Of Killarney.

THE RIVALS.

SHE'S a winsome colleen !
Whin I take me dudheen,
And the smoke wreaths arise,
I can see her bright eyes
Whur a laugh lurkin' lies,
And her white little chin
Wid its dape dimple in,—

Oh, there niver was seen such a winsome colleen
As her through the smoke of me good owld dudheen !

She's a poutin' colleen
Whin she sees me dudheen !
Whin the smoke wreaths arise
There's a snap in her eyes,
Whur an imp lurkin' lies,
And she tilts her white chin
Wid its dape dimple in,—

Oh, there niver was seen such a poutin' colleen
As her whin I take up me good owld dudheen !

What ails the colleen
Whin I take me dudheen ?
“ It's me rival,” siz she,
Wid a side-glance at me,
“ And it's aisy to see
Which howlds the first place,
And I say to your face

It's plain to be seen that ye want no colleen
Whin your lips are glued fast to your darlin' dudheen !”

Thin I drop me dudheen—
Jist to plaze the colleen,
And to prove that wan sip
From her swate poutin' lip
Would onloosen me grip
From me pipe or me life !
Darlin' Connie, me wife !

Oh, there niver was seen such a lovin' colleen
As her—whin she's coaxed me to drop me dudheen !

Thin I eye me dudheen,
And I eye the colleen ;
And she'll prisintly rise,
Wid warm love in her eyes,
While she laughin'ly tries
To breathe back a light
In me pipe that's out quite.

Oh, there niver was seen such a witchin' colleen
As her whin pertindin' to light me dudheen !

MY LI'L GAL DONE GOT A BEAU.

My li'l gal done got a beau !

Dasso !

Dat young rapscaleyun hangin' roun'
Heah ever sence he strike dis town,
But dat not bodder me a-tall,
I thought, "She jes' a chile, dat's all,"

But sho !

She big enough to git a beau !

My li'l gal done got a beau !

Dasso !

I didn' eben 'spishun dem
When she let down her dress's hem,
An' fixed her haar de growed-up way,
An' wo' raid ribunds ev'y day,

But sho !

Dat gal she fix to kotch a beau.

My li'l gal done got a beau !

Dasso !

I orter seed right thu hit all
When she lef' off a-playin' doll ;
De dolls dee kaint lub back, you know,
An' dressin' dem hit pow'ful slow,

Fer sho,

Long side o' dressin' fer a beau.

My li'l gal done got a beau :

Dasso !

He mighty slickry : when he see

Me comin' roun', dat quick sezee,

" I 'spec's you orter he'p yo' maw :

She done look mighty tired." O law !

Desso

Dey all talks when dey'z playin' beau !

My li'l gal done got a beau !

Dasso !

De fus' I knowed wuz one warm night,

De moon wuz shinin' full an' bright,

De groun'-pea patch wuz wet wid dew,

De milyun-patch wuz glis'nin' too,

Fer sho

De ve'y night to bring a beau.

Hit bring my li'l gal her beau,

Dasso !

I sot jes' whar de hop-vine th'owed

Hit's shadder roun' de do', an' growed

So thick dem chillun didn' see

Dat 'hime hit sot ole man an' me.

You know

Gals kine o' bline 'longside dee beau.

My li'l gal done got a beau !

Dasso !

Fer while dey'z swingin' on de gate,

I heard a soun', an' sho' ez fate

I seed dat darkey up an' kiss
My li'l gal, my l'l M'liss.
 " Fer sho,"
Sez paw, " dat gal hab got a beau."

" My li'l gal done got a beau?
 Not so !
I fix dat no-cyoun' fool dis day
Fer kiss a li'l gal dat-a-way !"
" Now jes' set still, ole gal," sezee,
" An' let dat man an' 'ooman be.
 You know
Growed gals is boun' to hab dee beau !"

" Dat gal of yo'n she got a beau,
 Dasso,
But when we done ow' co'tin' we
Wuz jes' ez young ez dem two be.
Ole 'ooman, we'z a-gittin' on,
Dat li'l gal of owahn gone
 Fer sho,
Becase she been an' got a beau."

My li'l gal done got a beau !
 Dasso !
No use to wring my han's an' cry,
De li'l gal she clean gone by !
O chile, bes' man you ever saw
Will nuver lub you lak yo' maw !
 But sho !
Dat gal doan ca', she got a beau !

DE INCH-WUM AN' DE HOPPER-GRASS.

DEE bofe wuz gwine along de road
One lubly summer day,
De hopper he gin gret big hops,
An' git 'long fas' dat-a-way ;
But Mister Inch-wum go right slow,
He lay down flat, den hunch up, so,
Dat how he go.

De hopper soon kotch up wid him,
An' pass de time o' day ;
He say, " Law, inch-wum, whar you gwine
A-pokin' 'long dis-a-way ?"
" I'se boun' fer Heab'n," de inch-worm 'low,
" Do' long de road I'se made my vow
Git dyah somehow."

De hopper groun' he wings an' laf,
An' fix he laigs to spring,
" I'se gwine to Heab'n myse'f," sezee,
" You po' ole slow-coach thing !
Ef I git dyah befo' you do,
I'll tell 'em yuz a-comin', too.
So long to you !"

De inch-wum ain't say nuttin' 'tall,
But jes' keep on he paf ;
An' one fine day de hopper come
A traipsin' back. He laf,—

“Ole step an’-fetch, still on de way?
I done been dyah an’ back,” he say,
“Sence tu’rr day.”

Den inch-wum raar he haid an’ say,
“Whut fer you done come back?
Whurfo’ you leabe dat heab’nly home
To trabble dis hard track?”
“Ho! ’pears lak Heab’n an’ me doan’ suit,
Set still all day, git tired, to boot,
An’ den I scoot.”

“Mon,” sez de inch-wum, “dat de way
Wid libely, res’less men:
Git ev’ywhar in gret big jumps,
Den wan’ git back agin.
Ef you inched ’long in my slow way,
You been right glad to stop an’ stay
‘Tell Jedgmen’ Day!”

Now, chile, you heah me tell you so,
Hit jes’ lak dat, fer fac’,
When folks gits ’ligion all to onct,
Dey boun’ come slidin’ back;
But dem whut bit by bit inch ’long,
Dee gwine to jine dat heab’nly th’ong,
Wid praise an’ song!

A TOAS'.

O FEB'UA'Y fo'teenth, dat's de time
When you heah dem glasses chink an' chime,
An' de boys dee drinks de toas'es down
To all de pooty ladiz dat's in dis town.
Sing hi, sing ho,
Now doan' say no,
You mus' drink to de pooties' ladiz !

Dar's one he'll drink to de gal whar fat,
An' turrs dee'll up an' laugh at dat;
An' one'll drink to de gal whar thin,
Wid de hatchet face an' de p'inted chin.
Sing hi, sing ho,
But he doan' know
Dat she ain' jes' de pooties' lady.

Dar's one he'll drink to de gal whar tall,
An' one'll drink to de gal whar small ;
An' one'll drink to de gal whar kine,
An' one to de gal dat meks him mine !
Sing hi, sing ho,
Each think he know
Dat he drink to de pooties' lady.

Now, I ain' sayin' no name a-tall
When dey drinks to dee ladiz, gret an' small.

But I lif's my glass an' I drinks dis toas',
"To de li'l honey-gal whut loves me de mos'!"
Sing ho, sing hi,
Now dat's jes' why
I think *she's* de pooties' lady.

But de gals *so* pleasin', shawt er tall,
Dat I 'clar we boun' to toas' dem all!
So fill yo' glasses, jes' one mo' roun',
To all de pooty ladiz dat's in dis town.
Sing hi, sing ho,
Now doan' say no,
You mus' drink to de chawmerin' ladiz.

MY CHILLEN'S PICTYAH.

AN EPISODE OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Hi, chillen! what on yuth dis mean dat you doan'
anser me?

Dem's de beatenes' lot o' chillen dat ever I did see!
I gin'ly has to hunt fer 'em er kotch 'em on de fly,
Fer do' I sez de wud myse'f, my chillen's monst'ous
sly.

Dyah's Nancy, now, a-hidin' 'hime dat woodpile, lak a
fool,
An' heah comes Araminty Zoe a-kitin' back f'um
school;
An' Zip done say dat he a-gwine a-huntin' cotton-
tails—
Law! dyah dat boy now, sho's yo' bawn, a-roostin' top
dem rails!

Come down heah 'meejit, chillen, whar dese willer
booshes grow,
An' stan' yo'se'fs tege'rr in a nice an' eben row.
Heah's man f'um town dat wan's to tek a pictyah of
you all,
An' say he gimme one to keep bidout no cos' a-tall.

Now doan' you stop to wash yo' han's er fix in Sunday
clo'es;

Man say he wan' you come jes' so, 'n' I reckon dat he
knows.

Heah, Zip, you stan' between de gals an' stop dat
pinchin' trick,

An' ef you doan' stop gigglin' so, I fotch you all a
lick!

Heah, Nancy, put dem han's o' yo'n tege'rr, jine 'em
so,

An' try an' look mo' sensible, lak Araminty Zoe!

You s'poze I wan' a pictyah fer to keep thu all my
days

Wid chillen grinnin' out dee moufs in sech a foolish
ways?

Now look jes' whar man tell you to, an' Zip tu'n out
dem toes!

Whut! tuk a'raidy! Dat's ez quick ez ever lightnin'
goes!

I'se mighty 'bleeged, an' on'y wish dat hit mought so
'a' been

You hadn' tuk dee pictyah wid dat mos' owdashus
grin.

But, arter all, why mebbe hit's ez well dat dat shud be,
Case when dey's growed an' full of ca's, an' I mought
wan' to see

Jes' how my li'l ca'less, happy chillen use' to look,
I'll go fetch down de pictyah dat you hab so kinely
tuk.

GITTIN' UNDER POWER.

MISS BELLE, you better ga'rr all yo' hens an' tukkies
in,
Fer de big contractid meetin' hits gwine to soon begin.
You knows las' time dee got 'em all, an' all de lambs
an' shotes,
Befo' de meetin's stopped, had gone down some dem
convu'ts th'oats.

I ain' swo'd off f'um goin', an' I may git happy some,
But I 'clared las' time dat when agin contractid meetin'
come,
Do' I mought set on de mo'ners' seat an' sing a bit an'
shout,
I doan' git under power ef I knows whut I'se about.

Miss Belle, some dem fool niggers 'buse dee 'ligious
priverlidge,
An' 'tend dee's under power, lak dat Lize f'um on de
Ridge,
An' does all kines of mean, low tricks you got to stan',
fer dey
Lets on dat dee doan' know a-tall dey's ca'yin' on dat-
a-way.

I ain' been tole you 'bout de furse I had wid Lize las'
yeah
When she wuz gittin' 'ligion at de meetin's over heah?

Her soul's healt' ain' whut bring her all dat distunz thu
de dark ;
Dat gal she full of meanness, an' she come to hab a
lark.

One night I went wid Cashus Clay, an' on my haid I
wo'
De bigges' hat dat I c'u'd fine at dat dyah One Price
Sto' ;
I'd bent hit roun' an' kitched hit up jes' over one my
eahs,
An' putt on all de 'ficial flow's you gin me dese five
yeahs.

Well, honey, when we git to chu'ch, dat Lize she wuz
dere,
A-singin' an' a shoutin' an' a-jumpin' in de air ;
She'd roll her eyes an' clap her han's an' raise up on
de toe,
An' grunt lak dis, " Um-umph ! um-umph ! " and come
down haivy, so.

'Twere all putt on ! I knows de signs o' gittin' under
power.
Do' dey may show de whites dee eyes an' jump up by
de hour,
Dee kaint fool me ! When dat gal seed my hat an'
Cashus Clay,
I seed her look o' meanness ez she started down ow'
way.

She done been arter Cash husse'f, but taint a bit o'
use,

Fer Cash doan' pay no 'tention 'tall to sech a grinnin'
goose.

She come cavawtin' up to me an' struck me in de face,
An' grabbed my hat f'um offn me an' 'gun to tear de
lace.

"Gal, come agin!" I sez to her, "I'se raidy fer a
fight!"

"Stop! stop!" dee sez, "she under power; to hit her
ain' been right!"

Miss Belle, I hatter see dat gal jes' tear my hat to bits,
An' I fell up 'gin Cashus lak I gwine to go in fits.

Dat mek her madder 'n ever yit to see Cash holdin'
me;

She to' my flow's to frazzles, 'tell dee wuz a sight to
see,

An' den she 'wake up sudden, 'tendin' lak she jes'
come to,

An' sez, "I hopes you 'scuze me, fer I ain' know whut
I do."

"Sho, gal! go 'way!" sez I to her, "dat wuz a game
you played!

Huccome you know so well jes' whar yo' 'scuses mus'
be made?"

"Dellaws!" sez she, a-grinnin' kine o' deblish-lak at
dat,

"I sees dis rubbidge, an' I see dat you ain' got no
hat!"

"Gal! come outside!" I sez to her, but she grown
mighty good ;
"Dis heah's contractid meetin', sister, er I sut'n'y
would."
"Gret Day in de Mawnin', gal!" sez I, "bes' mine
whut yuz about,
Fer de fus' nex' time I meet you we's gwine to hab dis
out!"

I hatter set all meetin' thu bidout no hat an' see
Dat gal a-cuttin' capers an' a-makin' fun o' me ;
She'd roll her eyes at Cash an' grin, an' pick up bits o'
hat,
But putt right quick when meetin's out, I tuk good note
o' dat.

I ain' sot eyes upon her sence, she done keep out my
way,
She's a pulin' sawt o' nigger, an' she 'feared o' me,
dee say.
She 'specs to 'tend de meetin's, so I heah, an' ef she
do,
Gret King! I'se gwine to fine some way to putt dat
darkey thu!

I done been tole you I doan' ca' 'bout gittin' under
power,
But cullud pussons nuver knows jes' when de heab'nly
shower
A-comin' down, an' ef I shud jes' happen in dat state—
Dyah ain' gwine be one spear of wool lēf' on dat
'ooman's pate!

MIST PEACOCK AN' MIS' GUINEA-HEN.

DEE lived on de same plantation,
But cudden' git 'long ve'y well,
Case he's mighty highialutin',
An' sass her a lot, so dee tell ;
I heah she his po' relation,
An' do' I doan' know dat fer fac',
Ef true, hit's mos' sho'ly de reason
Fer de mean, shabby way dat he ac'.

He had de run of de gyardin,
While she hatter stay 'hime de fence
Wid 'er wings cut to keep 'er f'um flyin'.
I tell you, he think he's immense
When spreadin' he tail an' struttin'
So biggitty over de grass,
An' goin' close up to de palin's
So she hatter look at 'im pass.

One time he fly up on de railin's,
On puppus to gin 'er some jaw,
Mis' Guinea knowed whut wuz comin',
An' putt, but he lay down de law :
"No good fer to run, Mis' Guinea,
Dyah ain' nair a spot on de place
My pow'ful voice hit wont reach to,
No use to try hidin' yo' face."

“No wonder you wanster hide hit,
Yu’z a po’ ole speckle-face thing,
Bidout any tail to speak of,
Er eben de use of a wing;
An’ ez fer de matter of talkin’,
You kaint eben anser me back,
All ever I heah you ’spon’ is
‘Put-rack-a! put-rack-a! put-rack!’”

Mis’ Guinea she ’bout to anser
An’ tell ’im de mos’ of folks say
He vain, silly, proud, an’ foolish,
All tail an’ no haid, an’ de way
He go on about he fedders,
An’ spread ’em when folks passin’ by,
Had gin a start to de sayin’
Dat peacocks is all gret big “I.”

She stop an’ think twict about hit,
An’ doan’ say no wu’d but “put-rack”
(De guinea talk fer “good-mawnin’”);
She know ’taint no use to hit back;
She walk off an’ lef’ him a-jawin’
All mawnin’ a-top o’ de fence,
An’ when you hear whut thing happen,
You say dat she show her good sense.

De missus she walk in de gyardin,
An’ say, “Oh dat turrible noise!
I’ll hab dat bu’hd putt an end to,
Fer all peace an’ quiet he ’stroys.

I think too, he look right handsome
 When stuff' nice an' stood on a stan',
 He libbly tall an' out-spreadin':
 Yas, dat seem a ve'y good pian."

De tale of de Peacock an' Guinea,
 Dis heah is de meanin'. I 'low.
 'Taint safe fer to be too good-lookin'
 Er try to show off, anyhow:
 An' when fer to sing yo' own praises
 You chunes up, de music ain' sweet
 In de eahs of de lis'enin' people,
 Do' you think yu'z doin' hit neat.

TELL 'EM HOWDY.

You think dat chile done faver me?
Well, I dunno how dat may be,
Some think he look jes' lak he paw,
Some say he imidge of he maw.
Dat nose of hisen, flat an' close,
I think hit faver paw de mos',
Dem gret big eyes of his he may
Git f'um he maw, dat whut dee say.

But, honey, whut I ca' 'bout dat!
I on'y knows yuz roun' an' fat
An' sof' an' cute an' mighty sweet,
An' plenty good enough to eat!
Now, son, set up an' be good chile,
An' show de ladiz, when you smile,
Dem li'l bran new toofs of yo'n
Dat bit my finger to de bone.

But law! he done hit jes' in play,
'Twuz lak ez ef he meant to say,
"I knows de use of toofs—to eat,
An' you kaint fool me, dis heah's meat."
Stop suckin' of dat li'l fis'
An' wave yo' li'l han' lak dis,
An' tell de ladiz "howdy." Son!
He wont show off fer any one.

De fus' thing at de peek o' day,
Dat chile set up in bed an' say,

"Maw! howdy, maw!" an' pull my haar
 Wid all be might, I do declar',
 An' when he paw go off to work,
 He wave he han's an' fairiy juk,
 F'm out my arms, po' li'l man,
 A-yellin' "howdy!" lood'z he kin.

An' when he paw git home at night
 Hit sat'n'y is a pooty sight
 To see dat laby laf an' crow,
 An' "howdy" when he paw "hello."
 Dat 'bout de on'y wud he know,
 An' when folks come an' when dee go,
 Ef dee doan' tek no note of him,
 He call out "howdy!" Li'l limb!

But ef dee coaxes, jes' dat sho'
 He suck he li'l fis' de mo'.
 Hit 'pears to me dat 'bout de way
 Dat big folks actin' ev'y day:
 Jes' coax an' mek 'em think dee'z some,
 An' all de mulier dee become;
 But jes' you leave 'em to deyse'f—
 Come roun' so quick hit tek yo' bref.

Now whut I tell you! jes' see dyah!
 He think we done fergit to ca',
 An' so he up an' show he trick.
 My blessed lamb, but you is slick!
 Yas, tell 'em howdy, li'l man,
 An' watch 'em jes' ez fur'z you kin.
 Myse'f doan' think a man quite right
 Dat doan' watch ladiz out of sight.

GO LIGHTLY, GAL.

SWEETES' li'l honey in all dis lan',
Come along heah an' gimme yo' han',
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Cawn all shucked an' de barn flo' cleah,
Come along, come along, come along, my deah,
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Fiddles dee callin' us high an' fine,
"Time fer de darnsin', come an' jine !"
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

My pooty li'l honey, but you is sweet !
An' hit's clap yo' han's an' shake yo' feet,
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Hit's cut yo' capers all down de line,
Den mek yo' manners an' tip-toe fine,
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Oh, hit's whull yo' pardners roun' an' roun'
'Tell you hyst dee feet clean off de groun',
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

O hit's tu'n an' twis' all roun' de flo',
Fling out yo' feet behime, befo',
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Gret Lan' of Goshen ! but you is spry !
Kaint none of de urr gals spring so high,
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Oh, roll yo' eyes an' wag yo' haid
An' shake yo' bones 'tell you nigh mos' daid,
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Doan' talk to me 'bout gittin' yo' bref !
Gwine darnse dis out ef hit cause my def !
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Um-humph ! done darnse all de urr folks down !
Skip along, honey, jes' one mo' roun' !
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Fiddles done played 'tell de strings all break !
Come along, honey, jes' one mo' shake !
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Now tek my arm an' perawd all 'roun',
'Tell dee see whar de *sho'-nuff* dancers foun',
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

Den gimme yo' han' an' we quit dis heah,
Come along, come along, come along, my deah,
Go lightly, gal, go lightly !

QUIT YO' WORRYIN'.

NIGGER nuver worry,—
Too much sense fer dat,
Let de white folks skurry
'Roun' an' lose dee fat,
Nigger gwine be happy nuver-mine-you whar he at.

Nigger jes' kaint worry,—
Set him down an' try,
No use, honey, fer he
Sho' to close he eye,
Git so pow'ful sleepy dat he pass he troubles by.

Cu'ious, now, dis trouble
Older dat hit grown,
'Stiddier gittin' double,
Dwinnle to de bone ;
Nigger know dat, so dat why he lef' he troubles 'lone.

Nigger nuver hurry ;
Dem whut wants to may ;
Hurry hit mek worry !
Now you heah me say
Ain' gwine hurry down de road to meet ole Def half-
way !

Den quit yo' hurryin',
Quit yo' worryin' !
Whut de use of all dis skurryin' ?

Mek ole Time go sof' an' slow,
Tell him you doan' want no mo'
Dis heah everlastin' flurryin',—
Jes' a trick of his fer hurryin'
Folks de faster tow'ds dee burryin' !

CHRI'MUS COMIN' !

CHRI'MUS hit's a comin' !
Doan' you heah me now?
White folks cuts no figger
Dese times 'side de nigger ;
Chri'mus made on puppus fer de niggers, anyhow.

Chri'mus hit's a-comin' !
No mo' wuk a while,
Gwine to be dat lazy
Drive de boss mos' crazy,
Chri'mus-week, no use a-tall to hurry up dis chile.

Chri'mus hit's a comin' !
Den de fun begins.
Pile de logs up higher,
Nuttin' lak a fire !
Nigger pow'ful happy when he toas'in' of he shins.

Chri'mus hit's a-comin' !
Be heah mighty soon.
Retch de ole gun down den,
Lemme chase aroun' den,
Chri'mus won' be Chri'mus-time bidout a tas'e of coon.

Chri'mus hit's a-comin' !
Fotch de ole jug out,
Apple-jack to fill hit,
Hawg-meat in de skillet,
Nigger git so happy dat he hatter sing an' shout.

Chri'mus hit's a-comin' !
Git up fo' hit's light,
Fine mos' folks a-nappin' ;
Fo' dee know whut happen,
Cotch dee presents, shoutin' "chri'mus-gif !" wid all
my might.

Chri'mus hit's a-comin'!
Li'l gal I know,
Thu de pine-woods yonder,
Gwine git all I squander
On dese Chri'mus doin's, an' I weesh 'twuz heap sight
mo'.

Chri'mus hit's a-comin' !
Rozzum up de bow !
Footes dat onsteady
Dat I'se feard a'ready
Gwine to lose de 'ligion dat I got las' Augus', sho'.

Chri'mus hit's a comin' !
Niggers ain' de same !
Chri'mus in de bones den,
Ef dee fairly hones den
Fer ongawdly doin's, *hit's jes' Chri'mus dat's to blame !*

DE TUKKEY-TAIL FAN.

'LIAS ! is dat my tukkey-tail fan
You gotten in yo' han' ?
Des putt hit right back on dat nail
Above de water-pail,
 Whar you gotten hit f'um !

When I'se about yo' size, Aunt Cindy Ann
She gin me dat ole fan.
Lawsee ! how I done strut all day,
Dey cudden' git hit 'way,
 I tukken hit into baid.

Hit been thu heaps a-wavin' in my hand',
Dat dyah ole fedder fan !
When yo' paw come a-co'tin' me
I sot an' laft "te-hee,"
 Behime dat same ole fan.

At my maw's burryin' I hilt de fan
Clincht tight up in my han',
Reckon I'd fainted den an' dere
But fer de good, cool air
 I gotten f'um off my fan.

When I got 'ligion I whulld dat fan
Victor'ous in my han',
A-shoutin' "Glory !" wid all my might,
Ontell I mos' tuk flight
 On de wings of dat dyah fan.

When I got ma'ied, de good ole fan
Wuz trem'lin' in my han' ;
I made de 'sponses mighty low,
An' hid my blushin', so,
Behime de tukkey fan.

When you-all'z sprinkelt, I hilt de fan
Right proud-lak in my han' ;
'Ooman dat to de Lawd kin show
Twelve chillen in a row
Has 'casion to be proud.

When y'-all burry me, I wan' dat fan
Betwix' my folded han' ;
Seem lak eben on Zion's Hill
I'd wan' dat ole fan still,
To beat time whiles I sing——

'Lias ! fo' de Lawd, has you gotten dat fan
Still in yo' sassy han' ?
Des putt hit right back on dat nail
Above de water-pail,
Whar you gotten hit f'um !

MISS JINNY.

BEEN settin' heah mos' all las' night lak dis,
So I be sut'n sho' dat I doan' miss
De train dat tek me back to we-all place,
An', honey, yo'n's de fustes' fren'ly face
I'se seed, an' yo'n's de on'ies' fren'ly wud,
'Mongs' all dis crowd, my po' ole eahs hab heard.
I ax some white trash, p'litely, ef dee know
Jes' when de cyar fer we-all place 'ud go,—
Dee bus' out laughin', an' den off dee went
A-lettin on dee doan' know whar I meant.
Er ef dee didn' re'ly know, dat shows
Dey's on'y trash, de quality all knows
My white-folks, an' jes' whar dee all belong.
Honey, I'se mighty 'feard I start off wrong,
I hopes you 'scuse me ef I ax you plain
To lemme know when dee calls off my train?
I seed yuz sho'-nuff lady by yo' face,
An' knowed you'd know de train fer we-all place.
Miss Jinny' maw she wanted me to go
Wid her when she went back, but I say no,
I cudden leave Miss Jinny heah alone.—
Seem lak I lub her same'z she been my own!
I nuss her sence she jes' a l'il mite,
An' use' to hab her wid me day an' night,
De cutes', sweetes', baddes' l'il sprig!
An' hit 'uz jes' de same when she growed big,

An' when she ma'ied den she tuk me too ;
 She say, " Why, Mammy, hit 'ud never do
 Fer me to leabe you, you my bestes' fren' !"
 She call me " Mammy" to de ve'y en',
 Wid her las' bref,—yaas, miss, Miss Jinny daid,
 We bring her heah las' Chuseday, an' we laid
 Her down to res' 'mong's all her husband's kin,—
 Dat 'uz his sesso ; we-all want her in
 De ole, ole fambly burryin'-groun' whar all
 Ow' folks' fo'-parrents waits de Las' Day call.
 Dee went back Chuseday evenin', all her folks,
 Her husban' an' her maw an' all ; dee coax
 Ole Mammy fer to go back when dee gone,
 But I jes' cudden leave my chile alone.
 Hit 'uz de fus' night sence she drord a bref
 Dat ever ow' Miss Jinny she been lef' !
 An' so I sot down by her grave an' stayed.
 De dark crep' close all 'roun', but I want 'fraid.
 An' arter 'while hit seem she knowed, somehow,
 An' presen'y I think I heah her 'low,
 " O Mammy, Mammy, faithful to de las' !
 Yo' lub hit reach eben heah beneaf' de grass.
 But now de Everlastin' Arms deé press
 Me clost, an' tek de place of all de res'.
 Go back, go back, deah Mammy Angeline,
 Tek ca' of dat po' baby-chile of mine !"
 An' den I riz up, fer I seem to see
 Dat 'uz de wuk de Lawd cut out fer me !—
 But dese ole han's dee long to sarve her too !
 My heart done burried out dyah long o' you,
 Miss Jinny ! Miss Jinny !

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